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TAPROOTS:

TAPROOTS:

a study in cultural exploration

A publication of the South Carolina Arts Commission

Edited by Bennie Lee Sinclair

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South Carolina Arts Commission
Columbia, South Carolina

Participating Schools:

Briggs Elementary, Florence
Camden High School, Camden
Columbia High School, Columbia
York High School, York
Blue Ridge High School, Greenville County
Greenville High School, Greenville

Participating Sites:

Florence, Camden, Columbia, York, Greenville

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Introduction

In the spring of 1975, six schools from five sites in South Carolina participated in a Special Bi-Centennial Project, a Cultural Exploration Program sponsored by the South Carolina Arts Commission and funded in part by the National Endowment for the Arts. A professional writer was in residence for five weeks at each site, working with students on all aspects of creative writing, and each school was also visited by a photographer who explained the use of instamatic cameras and film furnished by the program, and a folk musician who acquainted students with music of the state and region.

Basically, the idea was to encourage students (elementary through high school) to take notice of their own surroundings as subject matter — an idea which caught and sparkled for them in a hundred directions, as evidenced in these pages. Those of us participating as instructors expected, and got, good writing, but were delightfully surprised at the quality and vitality of the photographs, which we had originally thought of as a secondary effort.

Of the thousands of pages and pictures submitted, here are some of the visions and glimpses seen by our irrepressible young people: backyards; strangers; friends; animals; even dreams are captured here, in words and photographs that I hope will be as enjoyable to the reader as they have been to those of us in the program.

Bennie Lee Sinclair, Editor

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YESTERDAY . . .

The People: A Song

Stuffed inside a pot we call humanity,
Breathing already used air—
Seeing faces filled with insincerity,
Doesn't anyone care?

Refrain:

See the people day by day
Trains and busses make their way
If I only knew yesterday
I would have left them far behind.

Here we stop and gaze to find what's left to see,
And ask ourselves what we have done—
Built a road where once a clear, cool brook ran free,
Another battle we have won.

Refrain:

See the people day by day
Trains and busses make their way
If I only knew yesterday
I would have left them far behind.

Someday I'll find the way to live quieter,
It's just so hard to cross the line,
If you come I'm sure it will be easier,
I never could leave you behind.

Refrain:

See the people day by day
Trains and busses make their way
If I only knew yesterday
I would have left them far behind.

Princess Peters

An old, old
house standing far
off the road and
tall cornhusks in the
field—
Brown.

Beth Fowler



Our Old House

Our old house was white with black shades. It was pretty when we lived there, my parents and two sisters and I. We had a lot of good times in our old house. But they're gone now, and times have passed and our old house is no longer there. You see, we went to visit our old house and the white satin paint, as I remember, was no longer there. It was all peeling off and even some of the pieces were clinging on, like if they fell off where would they go? You could hear the whistling of the wind come rushing through the cracks in the walls. It was like seeing an old person dying but not really wanting to let go of life. Now our old house is no longer standing.

Pam Simpson

Celeste

The road is faint for lack of travel. It is surrounded by a certain darkness that seems to have reigned over this place since time began. The trees hang low as if in mourning and although spring has spread throughout the land, this place was left untouched by its greenery. As I make my way farther up this deserted road, I catch a glimpse of the time-worn house sitting upon it's throne of dry, cold soil, while guardian pines stand at attention.

It's hard to believe that this was once a white-washed cottage with crisply ruffled curtains trimming the sun-drenched windows, and that long-legged chickens once ruled this desolate yard. Once this place had pretty pink flowers in June, ripe fields in October, and the laughter of happy faces echoing through the trees.

It all started around the turn of the century, when Carlile and Thelma got themselves a little patch of land.

They were young and bubbling over with hopes and dreams of years to come. Thelma was fair and thin with earthen brown eyes and locks to match. She was Carlile's spring bride. And just as handsome was Carlile, tall and muscled with a thick tawny covering and hair as gold as the sun herself.

On sight, they fell in love with this place, for it had much to offer, even more than they had anticipated. It was mid-July, and nature's perfume swelled the air while her voice was heard over the hills.

Time passed by readily in the years to come, and they were accompanied in their travels through life by an ebon-haired child with eyes greener than the sea. Upon her right shoulder,

God had placed a star, a tiny pink star, so they called her Celeste.

As she grew, so grew her love of the woods. Even when she was very young, she would wander until the hours of evening fell upon the hill.

The fears of Carlile and Thelma ran wilder with each howl of the woods, but Celeste was never assaulted and always returned with the stars.

That is, until one day.

One cold, snowy, December day while Carlile had ventured into town for want of a few necessities, Celeste persuaded her mother to grant permission for a walk in the snow. Thelma glanced up from her steaming black pot at the black silhouette of Celeste, slipping down the path.

As darkness grew nearer, an uneasiness engrossed the hill and Celeste didn't creep in with the night as usual. Carlile dressed in his outside apparel while Thelma kept a small pot of stew warm on the oven. The night finally wore on into morning, and with the dawn, Carlile came reluctantly from the woods and up the path.

After days and weeks of vigorous hunting, they resolved her absence and returned to their empty cottage.

Thelma lost her lust for living and grew thin and pale, while Carlile took revenge upon the creatures of the wild. Every evening around dusk, he would collect his shotgun and shells and march into the forest, killing on sight every beast within.

A horrible change took place in these once happy people and soon everyone declared Thelma daft and some even said that no ebon-haired Celeste ever existed. They had even pondered on gossip that Carlile had once been a murderer who had escaped from his cell. Only scoffing children and nosey old ladies made their way up the path to Carlile's house, and only a few close friends understood.

I only saw them twice after Celeste's disappearance. But my first visit was to announce the presence of some type cat, which had been killing some of our neighbors' chicken population. Carlile's eyes were lightened with revenge and he swore he'd get that killer cat. After that I made no more social calls on Carlile, for I felt the coldness in him and it chilled my blood.

A few days later Carlile was confronted with the cat, which politely strolled up into his yard during the presence of daylight. It was tall and slender, the size of a bob cat, only it was glossy black with glowing green eyes. This was a rare sight to Carlile, for around these parts the only cat you see is the wire-haired bob cats and a mountain lion or two. He was so stunned by the beauty of the cat that he hesitated a moment before he yelled for his gun. Thelma quickly responded but it was too late, the cat was only a black silhouette on the path to the woods. Even Thelma stopped short in her tracks and gazed into the forest as it slipped between the trees. Nothing more was said about the cat and they saw nothing of it.

One day, while Carlile was working in the meadow, he saw the cat out of the corner of his eye as he turned to reach for the plough. Their eyes met in a curious stare and neither could break away from nature's spell.

The screaming of Thelma cut the silence like a knife and the cat retreated into the safety of the forest while Carlile gathered his wits.

That night, sleep didn't come. The day passed and the afternoon was interrupted by the cackling of flustered chickens. Carlile and the gun were hastily making their way to the door. Thelma rose and followed, only to appear in the doorway to be witness of Carlile aiming the huge brown shotgun toward the cat.

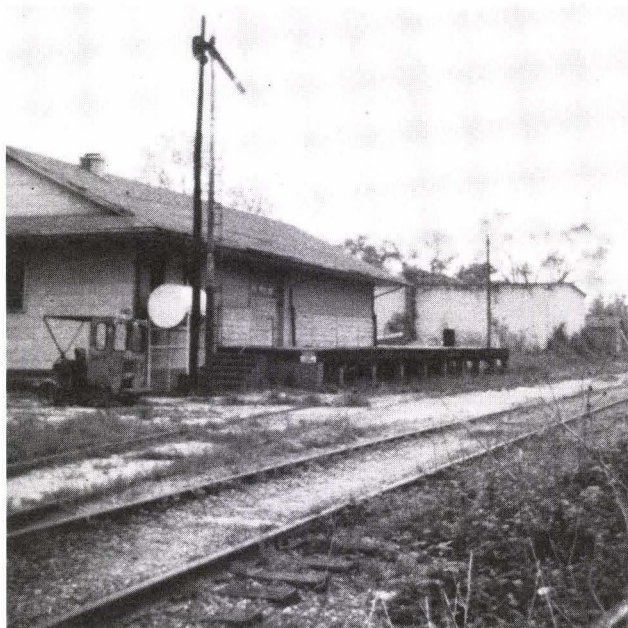
Carlile could have reached out and stroked the cat's satin fur, but instead he pinched the trigger firmly between his finger and the cold metal of the gun . . . A clap of thunder rang through the hills and forest and the ebon-black satin was stained with the scarlet of blood. Carlile turned the cat over and there, upon its right shoulder, was a star. Carlile fell down on his knees, touching the little patch of exposed skin shaped like a star, and he looked at the ebon-black hair and the sea-green eyes. As he mourned over the cat, he murmured the name "Celeste".

He buried the cat, and fashioned a cross of two tree limbs from the mystic woods nearby. He placed the cross at the head of the grave, pulled out his knife, and carved the word "CELESTE" across it.

No one knows exactly what happened that night, but long before dawn I heard the remnants of a scream that was soon joined by hysterical yells pounding at my door.

It was Thelma. Carlile was found hanging by his neck from a rope in the closet.

Gina LaCons



Except The Dead

The lost child wandered aimlessly along through
The forgotten pathways.
He wanted to be found, to be sheltered and loved
As never before.
When sleep finally overtook him he dreamed
Of sunshine that passed days before.
Startled, he awoke and saw the wild creature
Standing over him so he couldn't arise.
Whimpering sadly he was led to a
Mountain
That was forbidden to all except the dead.

Sherri Burns

Grandma Gone

Red is for curtains that hung loosely about the
coffin.
Gold was the halo that encircled her hair.
Silver was the lining that was my lonely future.
Blue was I, as I saw Grandma dead.

Sherri Burns

River Falls Lodge

I once went to River Falls Lodge.
It was so peaceful that I had to
Go again.
I went and had an even greater time.
River Falls is a place for quietness
And peace and love and the joy of
Just being yourself. You could look
Forward to the recreation center
Around noon time.
But better luck next time for
This wonderful place is gone now.

Biddie Gosnell

Lost Days

Oh, for the long, long days,
And the days that never end.
For they are the days
That may never come again.
Though we look for them
We shall never find,
For they were the better days,
That we left behind.
When we look for them,
We laugh and cry,
For we have no answers
To the reason why.

Thomas Furr

Memories

One day
we'll look back
on these days
as how they
came to be
yesterdays,
tomorrow.

Richard Carolina

Our Beach Trip

In the middle of the ocean
Sun was so bright—
We rode the rides of Joy,
We sang the song of love,
We laughed at everything that
Passed us by.

Pam Staggs



Ballad Of J. P. Rector

You never did come home,
I'll see you J. P. nevermore—
All that's left of you is stone
From December 1864.

J. P., J. P. why did you ever leave me?
At twenty-one you went to war
Now you're heard of nevermore.

A member of Company A
Known as Earl's Battery,
A Yankee shot struck you one day
And took you away from me.

J. P., J. P. why did you ever leave me?
At twenty-one you went to war
Now you're heard of nevermore.

From Hardeville to Charleston
They sent you there to stay
In a hospital made for soldiers—
I'm told you died next day.

J. P., J. P. why did you ever leave me?
At twenty-one you went to war
Now you're heard of nevermore.

You never did come home J. P.
I'll see you nevermore
There's only a stone left to see—
From December 1864.

J. P., J. P. why did you ever leave me?
At twenty-one you went to war
Now you're heard of nevermore.

Raynette Hudson

Graveyards

Our group which contains four people (Janice Hymes, Larry Gordon, Frances Wallace and myself), were to study graveyards, how old they are; famous ones; and so on.

We were really trying to find the history behind graveyards—I mean how they decided to use big tomb stones to identify them.

I spoke with some people just to see what they felt about graves and tombstones. One of my main questions was: “Why do you think tombstones are used to identify the grave? Why not use just a little plaque?” and most of my answers were, “So each man would be sure not to be forgotten”, or “ ‘Cause many men had last words which he wanted on his grave.” And some said “they didn’t really know.”

Some of my other questions were “When you die, how do you want to be buried?” Some of my answers were: “I want to be buried all by myself, no one around me.” Some said they want to be “cremated” and others said they “weren’t really worried about dying right now, just how to live.”

For most people this wasn’t a very interesting conversation. So many people are so wrapped up in living they act as if they’re not going to die. Most feel that “I just have one life to live and live all I can while I can.”

I can go along with that, too!! Dying is serious, but at the present living is much more serious to me.

People can really turn you off when you start asking questions about, “How do you want to be buried?” and “Where will you be buried?” They act as if it’s never going to happen to them.

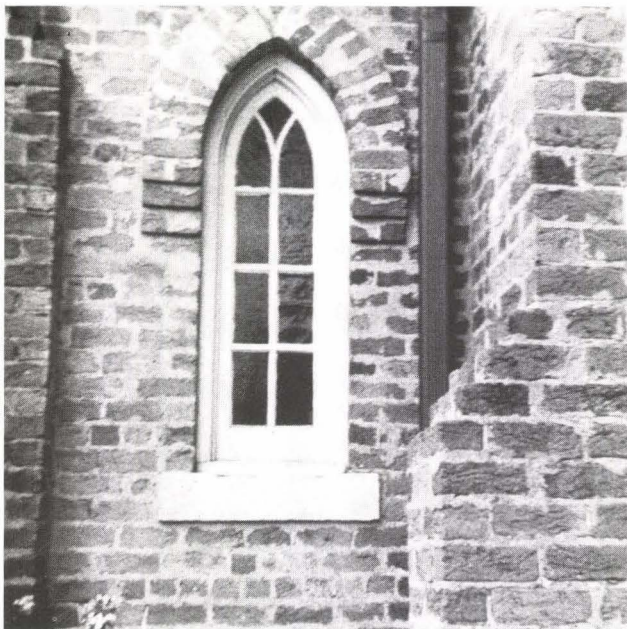
A lot of people don’t even like to go around graveyards because they’re spooky or remind them of someone’s death. I guess I can dig that. It’s hard when you lose someone you love, and all those horror movies have graveyards that can scare anyone.

But if you stop and think about it, graveyards are beautiful. Just think for a minute, it’s so peaceful and quiet; and beautiful-smelling flowers all year round.

These graveyards which were searched by our group dated back to the late 1700’s and up. They had quotes upon them, such as, “Farewell to my wife and children until we meet in immortality.”

Graveyards are very special places. They seem to live a life of their own.

**Sheila Boyd
Janice Hymes
Larry Gordon
Frances Wallace**



The Music Man

There was once a man and he always would come around and play a song. If he saw you sad he would play a sad song and if you were happy he would play a happy song. Sometimes he would play a happy song. He was about 55 years old and he was happy all the time. He always wore red because he thought it was a happy color.

He always had a monkey or something or someone with him. Now if there was anyone who was sad he made them happy. So from then on no one was sad. He got married one day, and he had 4 children. Two girls and two boys. But no one knew his name but his wife.

Laura Suber

Red

Why have we been taken from our land and thrown on this reservation? What have we done to make the white man hate us so? We were once in our own valley happy and free. The blue skies rained above us and gave us rains to cool the land. The silver clouds floated by and gave us some shade. Now the land that we are on is brown with death and dry leaves. Why have we been taken from our land and thrown on this reservation? What have we done to make the white man hate us so?

Ann Eastland

Love No—Check Yes

Boys never were of any interest to me except for playmates, until second or third grade. I know there are differences, but I really didn't think much about it. But then came along my first experience in puppy love. His name was Mark. I thought he was the living end. He was in all my classes. I would sit in class and just stare at his brownish red hair and freckles.

We even went to the same church. Since this was my first (what I thought) "true" love I followed the pattern of all the girls I had talked to in the same situation.

I got out my big grammar school pencil and my paper with the dotted lines in between and wrote him a little letter. It read like this: Dear Mark, I love you very much. Do you love me? Check One Yes_____No_____.

I gave the letter to his best friend who promised to relay it after I made him promise not to open it and read the contents, even though I knew as soon as I got out of sight he would have already read it.

It almost broke my heart when my letter came back with a new block checked which I didn't even put. **Ha Ha!**

Sandy Neil



Strange Phenomena In York County

The Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary defines a ghost as a disembodied soul: the soul of a dead person believed to be an inhabitant of the unseen world or to appear to the living in bodily likeness. We interviewed Mr. William (Bill) Lowman of York who collects ghost stories as a hobby.* He believes that a ghost is a person who has passed away but has such strong ties on earth that they come back as a ghost.

He said one of the main reasons he believes in ghosts is because it was instilled in him as a young child by his grandparents and family.

When Mr. Lowman was thirteen he went 'possum hunting with some older fellows. One night the dogs chased a 'possum up a tree, down by a creek. His friends told him to run down to the creek, see if he could yell back and tell them where. He ran down to the creek and bent down to get a drink of water, when all of a sudden he couldn't hear a sound. The water continued to run but he could not hear it. A few minutes later the dogs came by scared to death with their tails between their legs. Then everything was quiet again and the hair on his arms began to rise straight up. For two or three minutes he couldn't hear a sound. The hair on his arms began to lie back down and the dogs got some water and took off running. He went back to the two gentlemen and told them he couldn't get up the tree, not mentioning what had happened. When they finished hunting, around four o'clock, he headed for his grandparents' house for breakfast. During the meal they asked him what was wrong (it wasn't hard to see that something was the matter).

When he finally told them what had happened, his grandmother said it was easy to explain. She said that their sick neighbor down the road was going to die soon. And during breakfast his father came and told them that their sick neighbor had passed away. What Mr. Lowman had experienced was death passing through the woods.

In 1930 some new neighbors moved into the neighborhood and the man died. So everyone

attended the wake in order for the family to feel welcome. One family after doing all the chores and cleaning up started out to the house. They decided to walk down the railroad tracks to the house. After walking for a while they ran into a stranger in a dark suit, white shirt, and bright green tie. They exchanged a few words and one of the young boys asked their father where the man was going and who he was. They figured he was new also and was walking home from the wake. They arrived at the house, spoke to the family and then walked into the room where the casket lay. Upon looking into the casket, they saw the same man they met on the tracks: in a dark suit, white shirt and bright green tie.

* * *

Mrs. Annie May McDaniel dreamed for three nights she saw heaven taking her breath because it was so pretty. She said the reason she thought she was going to die was because you see heaven and it takes your breath and you die. She said she walked around for days hoping she was going to die, so she could go to heaven.

* * *

There are several stories about the hangman tree. This is one of them:

One day a long time ago, a black cotton-picker was trying to steal some cotton from the cotton house so he would get paid for picking it. A young white girl saw him. He knew the girl saw him so he beat her to death with a stone so she could not tell on him.

He was caught immediately afterwards. There was a raging crowd around when they found him. They dragged him down the road and lynched him.

His ghost is supposed to come back to the tree and haunt anyone who disturbs him.

* * *

* None of the names or locations of the stories told to us by Mr. Lowman could be revealed because Mr. Lowman swore to secrecy.

**Lolida Gettys
Jamie Norris
Shane Patrick**



Dreams Of Three

Decrepid and alone
The old horse keeps his vigil
Over broken, twisted dreams
Of days, months, years, gone by.

Spirited and free
A young red horse chases his dreams
Through tomorrow and eternity
To get the moon and catch the stars.

Plastic and lifeless
The toy horse stands in a corner,
Alone, with no dreams of his own.
But through him, childhood dreams were made.

They are three.
They are me, in my mind.
They are the dreams I left behind, the dreams
I dare to dream and the dreams of younger days
. . . when life was simple.

Patti Herman

The Art Of The Divining Rod

Water-finding may seem to be a lost art, but Lexie Moak of the Elgin Community is proof that divining rods are still much in use today.

Why? Because Mr. Moak is a genuine water-finder himself. During the 55 years he has practiced the art, he says he has never had a failure in locating underground streams of water.

"It started back when I was a little boy. My Uncle Simon handed me a stick one day and told me to find water," explained Mr. Moak of his start. "I did locate some, and I've been doing it ever since."

The procedure itself is fairly simple. The finder holds a forked stick in front of him and walks along until the stick makes a quick movement. That lets him know he is standing over an underground stream.

The finder does, though, use a special type of wood and does hold his stick in a certain way. "I use a stick from a persimmon tree, which is fairly common around here," said Mr. Moak. "You can use the same stick all the time or cut a new one everytime somebody needs you to find water. It doesn't matter."

To hold the stick, which is only about 14 to 18 inches long, the finder grips the forked ends with his palms up. This makes his thumbs point outward, and the end of the stick points upward. Over water, the stick end goes backward toward the finder's face. "You have to watch it, or it can take the skin off your face when it flies up," warned the Elgin water-finder.

People building houses on rural property must put a pump down into a well to get water, so many hire finders to locate water for them. "When somebody calls me for this purpose, I go out to their lot with my stick and start walking around and around," he says. "I have to make

sure that I'm about 100 feet away from the house, because the well can't be too close. After I find a place, the well-diggers start going down."

Mr. Moak says he has been as far away as Florida to find water. "Once, when I went to Florida to find water for a lady, she followed me around the whole time, asking me 'What do you say? What are you saying?' I don't say nothing. There aren't any magic words to it," he laughed.

He also remembers the time when another woman kept his stick for a souvenir after he found water on her property. "She shellacked it to hang on her wall!"

Strangely enough, Mr. Moak says that if you hold the stick over open water, "it won't do a thing." The water must be running underground before it will register with the stick and the finder.

"As a matter of fact, I was walking up Highway 1 just the other day, and I held my stick to see what would happen, and it broke right in my hand. I know there's water right under that road," he said.

Mr. Moak works at a grocery store in Elgin and finds water as a side job. His brother, Lonnie Moak, comes in often to see him. Even though the two are closest kin, Lonnie Moak says that he "never could find water like Lexie. I guess that sure shows some can do it, and some can't," he said, shaking his head.

His brother agrees with him, and says that he reckons that maybe some inherit the talent and some just have it. "You can't teach anybody to find water either," says Lexie Moak.

Another firm believer is Levi Branham of the Agriculture Stabilization and Conservation Committee for Kershaw County. "I'm not that super-

(Continued on Page 20)

The Art Of The Divining Rod (Continued)

stitious, but from experience, I think that you just about have to believe in it," he said.

Mr. Branham relates this personal experience he had with water-finding. "When I needed to put down a pump on my property, I got a man to come find water on it. Everywhere he located a water source, I marked it with a stone, unnoticeably.

"I got another man to come do the same thing again, but I didn't tell him that I had already gotten one man to do it. The second man came within three feet of every place the first man located. I then got a third water-finder to do the same thing, and I didn't tell him, either, that two men had already come and found water on my property. And the third finder found the same places!"

Mr. Branham added that the third man used a real thick stick. When he located water, "it split the stick up—cracked it right up."

Well diggers went down on one of the spots Mr. Branham decided upon and hit water 54 feet down. "And since that pump's been put down, I haven't had a minute's trouble with it," he said.

Mr. Branham acknowledges that "some people just don't believe in divining rods and never will." But he feels that water-finding is a real talent, and finders "have to have a touch for it."

Mr. Moak says that he feels water-finding is as popular now as it ever was, because he gets "lots of calls" now for his services.

"It always proves to be true," Mr. Moak said about his water-finding. "Water will be where I find it every time."

Sharmin Barnes

* * *

The Devils

The room was as red as the devil's forehead
With a rich warm feeling of glowing gold
Painted around the floor
And brown lights symbolizing death,
But no blue.

Joey Greene

An Oral Tale Of The Unusual

The Baddest Boy

Reneé Blanding of Camden told me the following story more than once. I think it is one of the best of the several tales I collected.

Larry had always been the "baddest" of all the Blanding children. His grandmother, who took care of them, always warned him that the devil was going to get him for being so bad. Larry didn't bother to listen to her or to anyone else. One day he got a new toy gun. He decided to have some fun with it. He put straight pins into the gun and started shooting. One of the pins got his brother, Zippy, in the eye. To Larry it was funny. He laughed so much that he didn't even apologize to Zippy. His grandmother kept telling him what would happen to him if he didn't stop being so bad, but again he didn't pay her any attention.

That night while everyone was asleep, Larry started screaming and crying. At first nobody paid any attention to him because they thought he was just having a bad dream. Larry didn't stop crying or screaming, however, so his grandmother got up. As she was going to his room, she heard something being dragged across the floor. To her surprise, Larry was being dragged all across the room, but the only person she could see was Larry himself. She didn't know what to do or think. Then the thought hit her.

"Lord have mercy on my soul!" She kept saying it over and over, but Larry was still being dragged. She told Larry to repeat her words as loud as he could. Larry was so afraid that all he could do was cry and scream. His grandmother begged him to say the phrase over and over. Finally he was able to say, "Lord have mercy on my soul!" As soon as he said the words, he was dropped on the floor.

This experience scared Larry very much. As he grew older, he stopped doing bad things and listened to his grandmother a little more.

Mary Curry



Remedies . . .

During "horse and buggy days," mothers and grandmothers depended on their natural surroundings for the survival and everyday well-being of their families. Cures for many ills were found right in the backyard or woods. Mothers used various herbs, relied on superstition, and tried handed-down recipes. It is no wonder why their children rarely knew what a doctor or his practice meant.

For the information included in the following list of remedies and recipes, I thank my mother and father, Frank and Laura Jones of Camden; my Uncle George Jones, Saluda; my aunts, Mrs. Patsy Belton and Mrs. Eliza Carter, both of Camden, and Miss Faustine Jones, Saluda; Mrs. Mary B. Williams, biology teacher at Camden High; and Charles Henley of Rock Hill, writer-in-residence at Camden High.

Red Sassafras—for colds, upset stomach, sour stomach; good for lice; and used as a beverage. Steep roots of plant and drink as tea.

Life Everlasting—for upset stomach, colds. Boil leaves and steep. Drink as tea. Also, let leaves dry out and use tobacco for smoking.

Tallow (grease from beef stock)—for cutting a cold in the chest. Mix with wintergreen drops. Use mixture to grease chest and bottoms of feet. Cover chest with wool or flannel to produce sweat.

Corn Meal—Take dry meal and sprinkle on body to alleviate fever. Also good for heat rash.

Onion syrup—for coughs, colds and pneumonia. Boil onions with sugar (lemon juice added for flavor) until mixture becomes a syrup.

Hoarhound—for fever, colds and stomach pains. Make tea by boiling leaves in water. Hoarhound candy used for worms and hiccups.

Mullen—for coughs. Make tea by boiling mul-len leaves, pine top, and lemon. Steam mixture. Patient should drink this as hot as he can bear it.

Palmer-Christian leaves—for high fever. Leaves placed on patient's head draw out fever as they wither.

Peach tree leaves—(same as above).

"Fodder tea"—for high fever. Made from the leaves of corn stalk, fodder tea was useful during World War II for malaria when quinine was hard to acquire.

Table salt and baking soda or salt and pepper—for sore throat. Mix with warm water for gargle.

Castor oil, turpentine, baking soda—for colds. Mix castor oil, few drops of turpentine, one-fourth teaspoon of soda.

"Vaseline pill"—for cold in a baby's chest. Mix vaseline with one teaspoon sugar.

Garlic and lemon juice—for high blood pressure. Take one tablespoon each morning.

Spider webs—for stopping bleeding. Place webs on open wound.

Kerosene and lard—for sores and boils. Place mixture on affected areas.

Egg shell—for boils. The inner membrane causes the boil to come to a head.

Fatback bacon—for minor cuts and boils. Apply to affected area.

Pine resin—for cuts. Apply this sticky pine tree sap to injured area.

Dirt dobbin house—for sprains. Make a paste and wrap in cloth.

Soot—for stopping bleeding. Place on cut.

Cream—for measles. Skim cream from milk, place on affected spots.

Sardine oil or fatback bacon—for mumps. Apply to reduce swelling.

Peppermint—for upset stomach. Steep to make a tea.

Things for the Home

Soap—Mix one can of lye with old meat grease in a big wash pot. Boil mixture until thickened or rope-like. Let it stand overnight. The grease is skimmed away and soap is ready.

Sheets—These were made from sacks sewn together. To have colored sheets, mothers used dye and walnut stain.

Mop for cleaning—Corn shucks were secured into holes bored into a board. The handle was fashioned from a young tree. A mop of this kind is said to last five to six months.

Brooms—Dogwood bushes were used for sweeping yards. For sweeping the inside of the home, twine was wrapped around broom straw gathered from the fields.

"Perfume"—Women would break a bloom of the sweet shrub bush and place it in their bosoms. As the bloom became warmed, it released its fragrance. There are several differently-fraganced sweet shrubs, one of which is the banana shrub.

Lauretta Jones

... And More Remedies

Throughout Kershaw County many old home remedies have lingered down the ages. The use of turpentine, honey, and wild herbs is extensive. Many of these cures are scientifically sound, according to medical practitioners, while others may be extremely detrimental to the patient's health.

I obtained much of the information in this article while working in the Camden Veterinary Hospital where numerous owners of patients told me of the fine merits of their remedies. Other cures were described to me by Dr. Grayson F. Shaw and by B. T. McIntosh, Kershaw County Assistant County Agent.

For coughs, arthritis, and muscle cramps, a mixture of honey and vinegar is taken. Honey and gin is often sipped slowly to relieve severe coughs. To treat head and chest colds, beef tallow is heated and rubbed on the forehead or

chest. Beef tallow also provides relief from croup. (Melt a small amount of tallow and add a half cup of chopped onions. Cook until soft, then add a half cup of molasses. Continue to heat and drink the solution when the molasses dissolves.)

When the patient is a child, there are special remedies. For colic in babies, catnip tea is fed instead of milk. The inside of chicken gizzard skin is rubbed on the gums to relieve a teething baby.

Rashes and stings are treated in various ways. Tobacco juice, snuff, and baking soda are widely used on insect stings. The milk from the leaf of a fig tree is said to be good for ringworm. Poison ivy is covered with a paste made from soda and buttermilk.

Sore eyes are treated with a solution made from warm boric acid or with toast or loaf bread soaked in warm milk.

Turpentine is used to treat various illnesses in humans as well as animals. In man turpentine is poured on wounds. Nine drops of turpentine on a dog's tongue is a supposed contraceptive. Rubbed on a horse's belly, it is said to help kidney trouble.

Numerous other cures for animals still exist. Many farmers believe cutting the small bone called "Wolf-in-Tail" out of the tail of a cow will be to the animal's advantage. Others believe sawing off or drilling holes in a cow's horns will serve the same purpose.

Hundreds of other old home remedies still are completely believed in. To relieve menstrual cramps, some say, pour a saucer of whiskey, burn it, and drink the solution. A rag soaked in vinegar and tied securely around the head is believed to ease a headache. To stop mumps from "traveling down the body," one cure is to tie a silk scarf around the neck. Cobwebs on a bleeding wound help form a scab. Sometimes mustard and onion are used as a poultice, and fatback and a penny are tied around abscesses. Many people claim to talk away warts or fire from a burn.

Sarah Brown

South Carolina Herbal Medicine

SASSAFRAS

Sassafras is probably the best known herb in this part of the state. The tea is taken as a general tonic in the Spring to "get the blood to circulating." I received my information on this herb from my grandmother, Mrs. Ruth Smith; my uncle; my great-aunt; and several neighbors. I have heard these people talk about sassafras tea all my life; it is really the only herb still used occasionally by the people in my community.

My aunt, Mrs. Helen Smith, was the first person I talked to about the plant. She wasn't sure how to prepare it but she knew where it grew. She showed me where it grew wild on the side of a hill near the road. Some of the roots were deep in the ground but many of them grew along the surface of the ground so that it was easy to chop off some with a hoe.

After we had cut the roots away, I went to talk to my grandmother. She said, "Wash the soil off the roots. Then chop the roots into little pieces. Put the bits into water and bring it to a boil." When I asked her how long to cook the tea she wasn't sure. She said that it had been a long time since she had made any; just to use my own judgement. She added that it wouldn't be over a half hour.

I washed off the roots and chopped them up with a hatchet. The first time I made tea, it was a clear red and didn't have much flavor. That first time I did not put in the bark because I was afraid that it was still dirty. When I saw that it wasn't strong enough, I tried again and added the bark. That time the brew turned a deep red and nobody had ANY trouble tasting it! My grandmother told me that people drank it hot and sometimes to flavor it, they added milk and sugar. So we tried that. It made it look like a pink milkshake and I thought it improved the

taste but I think most older people prefer it plain.

My grandmother warned me to get the kind with a white root because the red variety would cause headaches. But another neighbor told my father that the white variety was poisonous. I had no headache and I sure didn't die so I don't take much stock in either saying. I think I had the white type.

GARLIC

This story was told to me by Helen Smith, my aunt, who heard it from her grandmother. I will relate the story the way it was told to me:

"I remember my grandmother telling of a woman who was bitten or scratched by a rabid cat. The woman went mad and her family locked her in a building away from the house. There was garlic in the building and the woman, not knowing what she was doing, ate it. And she got well. I don't know if the garlic helped or not. But my grandmother always believed that it was the garlic that cured her rabies."

BLACK PEPPER

Black pepper dashed in a glass of water is a home remedy for the stomach-ache.

WINTERGREEN

Wintergreen is a small plant, dark green with lighter green down the middle of the leaves. The root is used for a tea, but my aunt couldn't remember what it was used to cure. It might have been high fever but she couldn't remember.

STARGRASS

Stargrass is the local name for a clump of grass with very slender blades. At the end of each

blade is a tiny blue flower. The roots are the part of the plant used. It is commonly used as a laxative. My great-aunt told me that it grew all along the path that led to her house and every year they gathered it and dried it. The roots were boiled to make tea. According to her, "It really works! It's the most effective thing I've ever had."

ADAM AND EVE

This plant has thick leaves above ground and underground grows the bulb-like root that is used. The root is simply eaten and has a thick, slimy juice, which does not have a bad taste. My aunt's parents gave it to their children for shortness of breath.

FEVER WEED

Fever weed grows bush-like with small thin leaves. As its name implies, it is used by local people to break and bring down a high fever. The leaves are used to make a tea.

WILD ONION

Wild onion, which is regarded as a weed because it grows in lawns and has an unpleasant smell when cut, may be used as a remedy to keep colds away. The onion bulb is the part of the plant used and it is just washed and eaten as it is.

BLOODROOT

My source for this plant was indirectly my neighbor, who is a Catawba Indian. My aunt told me that she had heard this woman say that the root of bloodroot was good to build the blood.

CATNIP

Some of the people in our community used to keep some catnip plants growing around their homes. It was used as a treatment for a baby's

hives or when the baby had the colic. According to my great-aunt it was also good to give a new mother.

To prepare the tea, one pinches off a leaf. The leaves are small and furry. Then you boil the leaf in water until the water turns green and serve it hot. The tea is supposed to have a good flavor.

PUMPKIN SEED

Pumpkin seed was used by my neighbor, Mrs. Bud Rumpfelt, who is my aunt's mother. She gave it to her babies when they had yellow jaundice. She took several seeds and put them in a cloth. Then she beat the cloth with the seeds inside against a rock until they were crushed. Then she boiled the crushed seeds in water and gave the baby a small amount for 9 days.

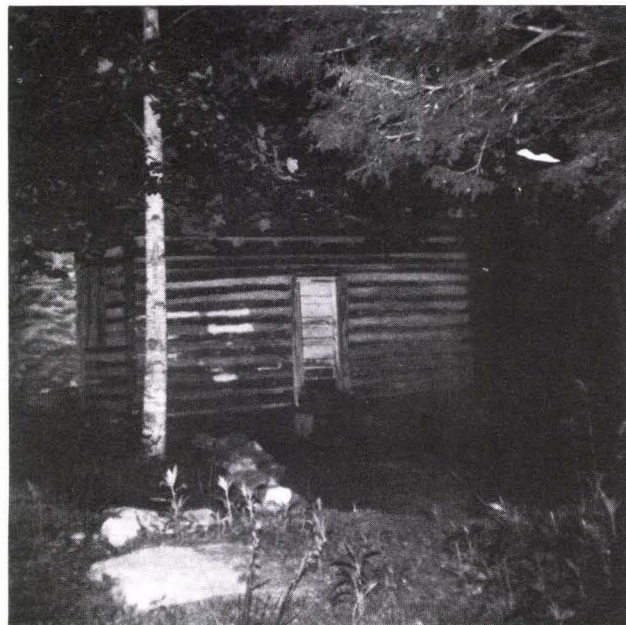
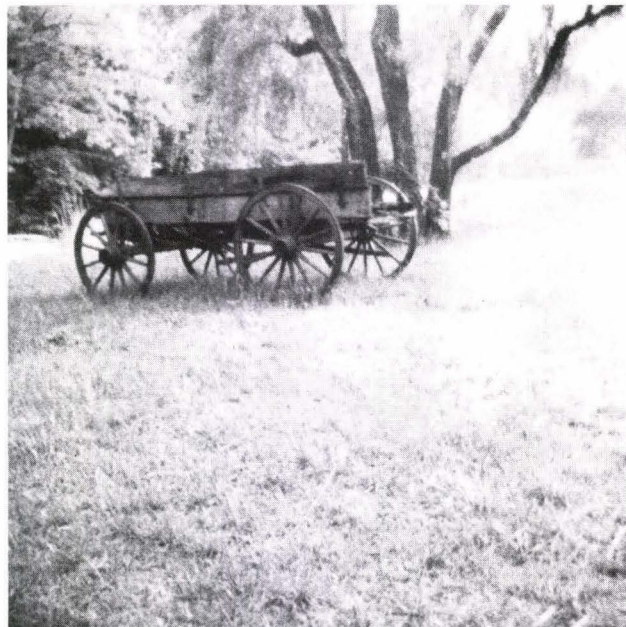
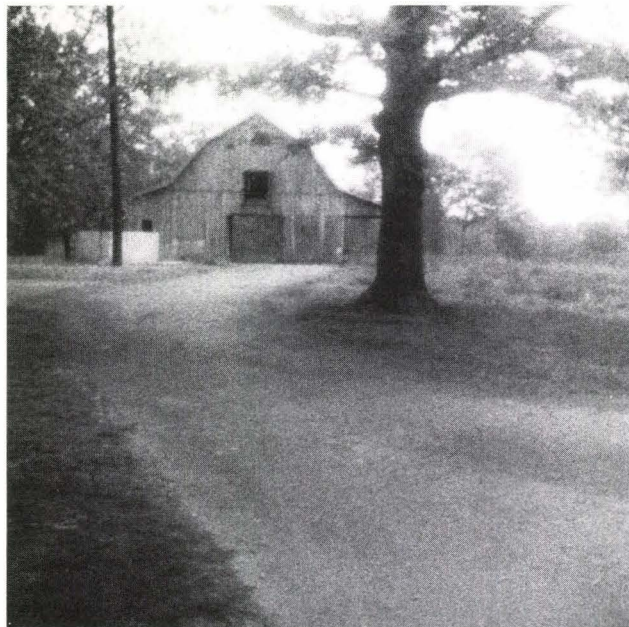
RED CLOVER

Mr. Bud Rumpfelt used red clover as a remedy for the stomach ache. The clover blossoms were placed in the bottom of a stone jar and a clean rock was put on top to hold them on the bottom of the jar. They remained in the jar for several days until they made bubbles rise to the top of the water.

SMOOTH SUMAC

My aunt recalled that they were given smooth sumac berries when they were small children. They were used to prevent bedwetting and she said they had seemed to be very effective. The berries were just eaten whole.

Cathy Childers & Nancy Bennefield





TODAY . . .

Look At The World Today

People make this world go around.
They are people of all shapes and sizes,
Colors, nationalities and origins.
Look at the world today.

I often walk along the street and wonder what this
World would be like if the depression were to vanish.
What would it be like?
Everything would be super dy-no-mite.

The Energy Crisis has just about got to all of us.
The problem needs to be solved,
But no one has a solution for it.
Look at the world today.

Blacks and whites are not getting along.
People are being laid off jobs.
Food is going higher everyday.
Look at the world today.

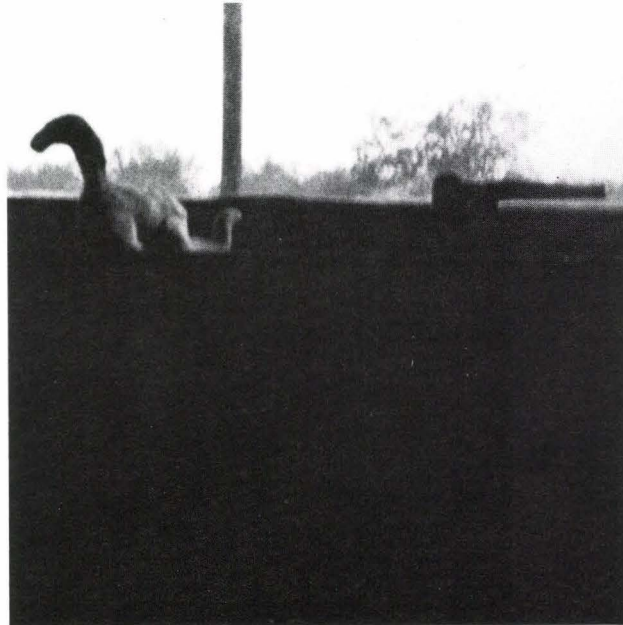
The crime rate has gone up.
The robbery rate has gone up.
People are suffering.
People are dying.
Now just take a good look at the world today.

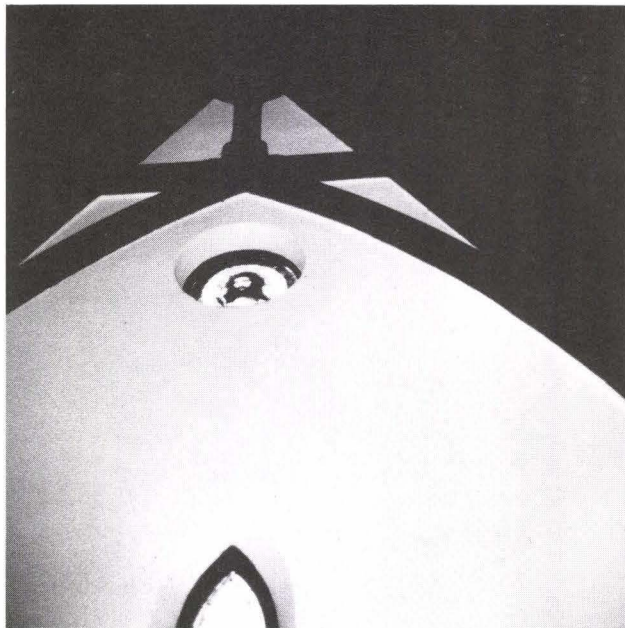
Andre McKnight

Wild Child

I know a creature that thinks
He is wild,
But he is only a lost child.
He lives in a world of make believe—
Only the thought is what he sees.
A forbidden mountain, an endless city,
Just open the door to a bottomless
Lake—
All this is inside of one little gate.

Nelson Bishop





Religious Greenville

When I started this project of studying different religions in Greenville, I thought, "Oh wow! Now I can tell everybody all about Greenville's religions." Well, that's what I thought until I realized just how *many* different religions Greenville does have. My list consisted of Presbyterian, Lutheran, Episcopal, Unitarian, Seventh Day Adventist, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Christian Scientists, Jehovah's Witnesses, Baha'i, A.M.E., and the Salvation Army. Out of this large list I was forced (because of the amount of time I had to work on it) to cut it down to Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and Baha'i.

On Saturday, April 5, I visited the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, commonly called the Mormon Church. This may clear up for many people that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is the same thing as the Mormon Church. The founder of the Mormon Church was Joseph Smith who, according to the men I talked to, had a direct, divine vision from God as to what the true church was, and out of this vision came the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Mormons believe that their church is the only true Christian church, as one of the men that I talked to told me. When I asked him if he personally believed this, he said that he certainly did and he went on to give me certain reasons why he personally believes this:

"When Brigham Young was founding Salt Lake City, he made the streets exceptionally wide for that day and time. Who else would have anticipated having four lane highways in the future? Certainly this must have been a divine direction of God."

Also:

"When the Mormon Tabernacle was being built,



they installed four large shafts all the way from the top of the building to the ground in each of the four corners. These four shafts now contain elevators. How, if it had not been a direct communication from God?"

Interestingly, Mormons also believe that in the revelation to Joseph Smith, God told him that Christ had come to America in ancient times. This story is told in the Book of Mormon which is part of the Mormon Bible.

Mormons believe that they are the only true church that has the authority of God to be right. The man who told me about the reasons that he believed the Mormon Church was right also told me that his parents had been Baptists "ever since Roger Williams started the church," and that the question that had made them disown him was when "I asked them, 'What church do you believe is right?' And they said the Baptist

(Continued on Page 32)

Religious Greenville (Continued)

church and then I asked them, 'By whose authority?' And they couldn't answer that. And I know that my authority comes from God."

On this same Saturday I visited a Mr. and Mrs. Silver up near Paris Mountain, of the Baha'i Faith. Baha'i Faith!?!? What's that? Those questions are probably the first two asked by anyone when they hear "Baha'i Faith" mentioned. "What does Baha'i mean?" Well, a pamphlet that Mrs. Silver gave me, called "Baha'i Answers", says this about Baha'i:

"The word 'Baha'i' is derived from the name of the Founder of the Faith, 'Baha'u'llah,' an Arabic title which means 'Glory of God.' A Baha'i is a follower of the Faith."

These are the teachings of Baha'u'llah that were given more than a hundred years ago:

- * The oneness of mankind.
- * Independent investigation of truth.
- * The common foundation of all religions.
- * The essential harmony of science and religion.
- * Equality of men and women.
- * Elimination of prejudice of all kinds.
- * Universal compulsory education.
- * A spiritual solution to the economic problem.
- * A universal auxiliary language.
- * Universal peace upheld by a world government.

"The Baha'i Faith is a World religion. It has members in over 333 sovereign states, territories, and islands, and its literature has been translated into some 501 languages. Its adher-

ents are people of all the older faiths and of most races and nationalities."

"Baha'is deeply revere Christ, Moses, and the Founders of all the world's revealed religions, such as Christianity, Judaism, and Islam, as part of God's plan of progressive revelation down through the ages, and believe them to be the inspiration and cause of world civilization that have followed in their wake."

"Baha'is conduct no formalized services; and devotions include no ritual, sermon, or collection, but consist simply of the reading of prayers and selected passages from the Holy Books. Daily prayer is obligatory for Baha'is."

Baha'is believe in the same God as Christians. They believe that approximately every thousand years is a spiritual cycle which can be compared to winter when the flowers seem to go to sleep or die. They believe that about every thousand years the people of the world go into a sort of spiritual sleep. Then, like spring, God sends a prophet to wake the people up out of their sleep. They believe that the prophets are just a form of God that has come to the Earth.

The Silvers used this illustration to help me understand:

You could have many mirrors hanging on a wall with the sun shining into them. One mirror could be round, one square, and yet another triangular and even though these mirrors are different shapes and sizes, it is the same sun shining into them. So it is with the prophets. Even though there are many different prophets, it is the same God that has come into them and shines through them.

Jonathan Taylor

Courtship & Marriage

I really don't know what I expect out of a marriage because you can get so much out of courtship now, and sometimes people don't want to get married—they just want to live off of love for as long as it lasts. I think in order for my marriage to be right it's got to have a good foundation: you know, something you just don't jump into real fast. I think I'm going to have to be really ready to settle down. I'm also gonna have to get all that running around out of my system but not out of my mind. I like for my man to party just as hard as I would (together that is). I think most of the younger generation is getting hipped to marriage. They know it's not something that you just hop right into. You really have to be ready for it. They can see this by the way divorce has risen as high as it is. I believe in divorce, because if a marriage has lost all it had to offer you might as well get out of it and see what better things life has to offer. Even though I've never been married I must say marriage isn't what it used to be. Things have changed. People write their own wedding vows now which I like a lot. Seems to me it makes the ceremony much more meaningful, to say something that you believe in and mean so much. Well, so much for marriage; let's go to courtship. Courtship isn't at all what it used to be. But there are a lot of people that are hung up on it. I don't think courting means half as much as it used to. You know at one time it used to be a thing but it's nothing now. Most people spend their time dating different people instead of getting hung up on just one person. That's alright because you get to meet a lot of nice guys and some not so nice. But eventually I think courting will fade out.

Janice Hymes

Why So Many Divorces?

One reason I feel there are so many divorces is that the couples that get married are not mature enough. They fall in love at an early age and get married, when they do not know the responsibilities of marriage. For instance a young man makes a fine salary to support himself, but when he gets married he has to help support his wife and, if they have a baby, he has three to worry about.

Another reason is women's lib. Women finally want to be equal and don't want to stay home and have to clean the house. This is something that should be done, and neither the husband nor the wife wants the responsibility. This causes a conflict between husband and wife, and therefore, a divorce.

My reasons hold true in both cases. But the first reason has been true all through life and the second reason I feel is more recent and more serious. Women have this right to be equal, but husband and wife should work things out together and live a happy marriage.

Shane Patrick

Love

Charles, I'm more than sorry to say that my mother has never been married. My mother became crippled at an early age. But that didn't stop her from having children. She raised five healthy children of which I'm the baby. I'm sure she wouldn't know anything about being married. My father is dead. He couldn't tell me anything. But I will try to do as you asked. This way I will answer the questions in essay form. Some people are forced to marry because a child may be on the way. Others marry for money, love, and security. Or as a way of getting away from home. Maybe just to get away and have a place of their own. Then again some twosomes marry and don't have too much money, so they move in with her parents. Mary, I'll call her, was still being a daughter instead of a wife and they ended up divorced. It should be as easy to get a divorce as it is to marry. Marriage is the individuals who choose to walk together, rather than one dragging along in the shadow of the other or both leaning so completely on each other that if one tripped the other would fall. They want to be alone. Perhaps the idea of marriage flatters one because for the first time a man urgently, openly, warmly loves and wants you. What about teen sex? During the teens, sex powers reach full expression—that is hard to control. Sexual desire is like the rope in a tug-of-war with right or wrong pulling hard in the opposite directions. You ask yourself, do I control my feelings or do my feelings control me? If it weren't for the sexual urge, the human race would die out. Marriage is built on enthusiasm and stimulation. It thrives on shared interests and physical attraction. It's the ability of accepting a person just the way he is. It means being understanding, respecting, always willing to wait. *LOVE*

Dorothy Blaylock

Red River

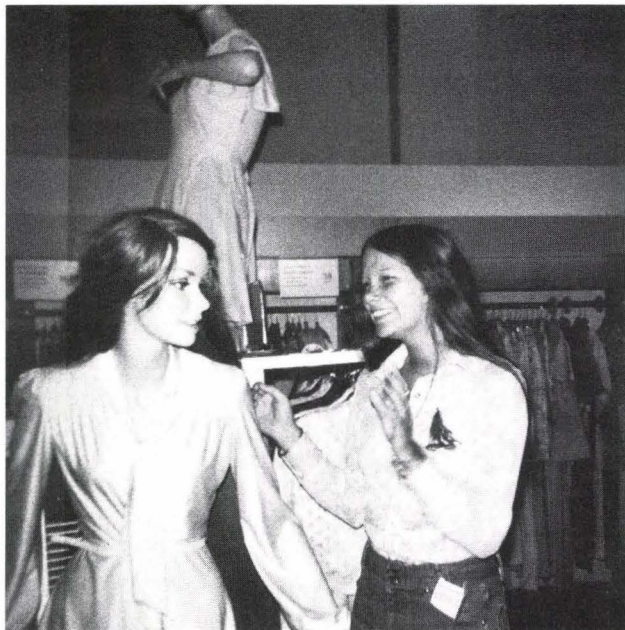
Red River is a small town located between Rock Hill and Fort Mill, South Carolina. It is centered around an old mill and a train trestle. The mill had some windows broken out and looked about 50 years old. All of the windows were open, for the old mill had no air conditioning.

All the houses were located close together in a small area. The shabby houses were all made of cement and wood, and many of them had been condemned. There were three churches which were kept neat and clean in comparison to the houses.

As we entered the town, everyone seemed to stop what they were doing or come out on their porches to see who the intruders were. The people all seemed to live in their own little world. The children were dressed in clothes that looked as if they had been handed down from older brothers and sisters. After taking a picture of a little girl followed by some pupils, all the other children wanted to have their pictures taken, too. A group of boys who had found a small baby snake wanted to have their picture taken with their newly-discovered pet.

Red River is small but for a while there was much excitement when a small church brought many visitors to the town. The church had an upside-down cross on it. Some say it was a devil church, but most agree it was turned upside-down by pranksters. Now the church has been torn down and nothing remains but some nails and boards; and a road which circled around where the church used to be. An old, thin, country-looking man talked with us about the church. He told us about one Sunday afternoon when there had been many cars through there to see the church, not knowing it had been torn down. Looking through his thick bushy eyebrows, he told us, "So many people come that six cars were stranded at my house with flat tires."

**Julie Bennett
Tommy Coleman
Jannie Foster
Sarah Johnson**



Me, Myself, And I

I never wrote poetry about myself,
I just gazed into my one-way mirror
And accepted what was there.
I really didn't care.

You know what I mean,
Seems to me like a waste of time,
Still do,
Somebody wanna know my mind.

It's not that I belong to myself,
Because I'm designed for you.
It's not me I'm concerned about,
Going strong and true.

Have you ever seen me happy,
Or ever seen me cry?
Does this sound like a silly poem,
Me, Myself, and I?

Richard Carolina

Cuba: A Different Island

Having a Cuban background, I was intrigued by the chance of writing about the opinions of other Cubans concerning Cuba and their new home of Greenville, South Carolina. My parents were both born in Cuba, and I am one of four children. The reason I am writing about this particular subject is to better understand what is known as "The Cuban Problem" or "The Period of Imbalance."

In order to hear opinions and facts from a small group of Cuban people, I asked the Guerrero family to help me out. Luis Guerrero and his wife Teresa agreed to meet for an interview on the coming Friday—Good Friday, 1975. When Friday finally arrived, my parents Ramon and Caridad Martinez, my friend Leslie Michele Franklin, and I went to the Guerrero home. Leslie came along to take pictures during the interview with Luis, Teresa, and their two daughters Clara Martha and Teresita, both seniors in high school.

To better prepare the group for discussion, I had arranged the following questions: What do you miss most about Cuba?; why did you choose Greenville as your home, and what are your feelings about it?; would you return to Cuba if you had the opportunity?; do you think Cuba would be changed much from the way you remember it?; how has government and education in Cuba changed?; do you have any further comments you would like to make about Cuba, the United States, or both?

The first thing that we discussed was the friendliness of the people of Greenville. We all agreed that the people you meet here are probably the friendliest of all the states (both families have lived elsewhere in the U. S.). Teresa pointed out that she "likes the people, and likes their attitudes of things." When I asked Luis his opinion of Greenville, he pointed out that it does take time to get used to the way the two countries differ.

When I asked them what they miss most about their homeland, there were two definite answers: friends and family. Everyone in the room said



that if given the chance they would return to Cuba only as visitors. Luis said that Cuba had changed too much ever to return to normal. He continued by saying, "If Cuba really could change back to being the country it was before, and people were allowed to return, then the ones who live in other countries would return only for revenge." I believe that Cuba could not make a sudden round-about change. If it tried, there would be more bloodshed than there ever has been.

The recognition of Cuba today by people who used to live there would be so different from what they remember that it would probably look entirely like a different island. Ramon gave an example.

"If a comparison were to be made of Cuba and the United States today, then it would probably be like a jungle (Cuba) compared to a zoo (United States). In a jungle everyone fears, a

person has no privacy, and you can be killed at any time. In a zoo, however, a person is protected from danger, and everyone is together." He added that it's said a private poll was taken in Russia which revealed that only 3% of all the people were really Communist, and that the same kind of poll was taken in Cuba and basically the same percentage was found to be true on the island.

Everyone agreed that the island of Cuba is ruled now by the Communist Party, which is respected as we in the United States respect the law. Also, all believe that people are still killed in Cuba because of their opinions; most people fear each other, even in the family; many Communist spies are planted in Cuba through friends, family, or relatives. There are not many people who can speak freely in front of anyone, not even their own sons, daughters, and sometimes wives or husbands. Caridad pointed out the reason of this fear of freedom of speech: whomever you may be talking to may have been brainwashed into reporting anything they hear.

Ramon said that the rations given in Cuba are not enough for a small family to survive on. Some of his examples are: four pounds of meat per month; one egg per week; one quart of milk per month; and one pair of shoes per year.

Ramon pointed out that sometimes one generation teaches another the joys of freedom and the real meanings of peace. Teresa added that since in Cuba there is no peace, generations are usually the only way to learn anything.

Teresa, Ramon, Luis and Caridad contributed to a summary on Cuba as follows.

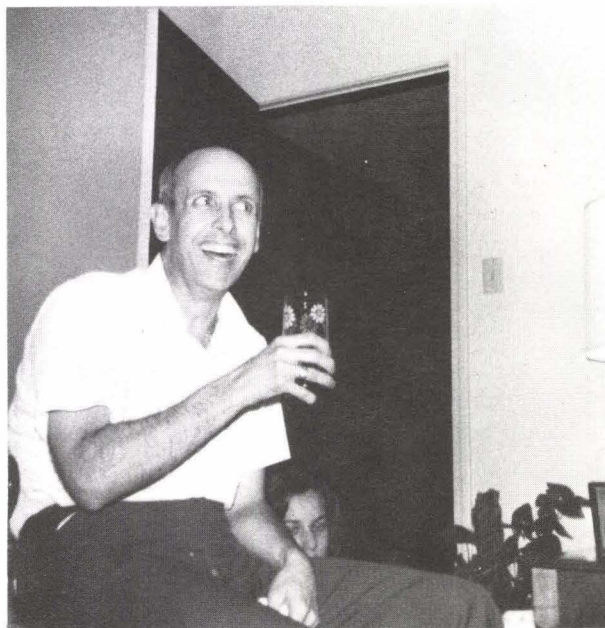
When Fidel Castro first announced his Communist plans, six months after his election, many of the people who revolted were lined up in front of a great wall and shot to death. In Cuba one famous wall—The Paradon, located near an old castle—represents all the rest.

The first time Cuba ever had a president was in 1902. Since then, Cuba has had three dictators. The first was Gerardo Machado. Machado was very good to the people in his first term of four years, but turned bad on his second term of four

years. He did, however, order a highway to be built from the east to the west coasts; he started the first shoe industry in Cuba; and he built the capital. After his term was up, twenty years of good government ruled, until the next dictator came along. He was Fulgencio Batista. Batista took control of Cuba, took many things away from the people, and acted much the same way Castro does. After Castro took over, anything that Batista had started Castro finished for him.

Excluding these three dictators, Cuba was much the same as the United States today, with democracy and freedom. It is my opinion that democracy and freedom were the main reasons that Castro was chosen as leader. The reason for this is because the people were probably tired of being under the rule of a dictator like Batista. Since Castro's political platform was based on ways other than dictatorship and Communism, the people had no way of knowing what would be in store for them when Castro took over the political office.

(Continued on Page 38)



Cuba: A Different Island (Continued)

Ramon gave an example of what might be in store for them in Cuba's jail system, where a man put in jail weighing 170-180 pounds might come out in a year or more weighing as little as 85-100 pounds. Some of the people who are caught by spies planted by the government may be jailed for any length of time, depending just what or how much he or she said, Ramon added.

"Communism is taught in the schools by the government, so the children can learn about Communist ways at an early age", Caridad commented during our discussion of the school systems in Cuba today. The children are also brainwashed so they cannot tell the difference between good and bad in the society. The school system in Cuba used to be much harder than that in the United States today. But now the schools there are not hard at all—in fact, they are much simpler than they have ever been before.

An example of the way government is being taught to the school children was given by Teresa. "In America, our systems are something like 'a' is for 'apple', 'b' is for 'ball', etc., but over there it is taught more like 'f' is for 'Fidel', 'g' is for 'government', etc.

Ramon said that in Cuba there used to be three classifications in society: rich-rich, rich, and poor. Because of these classifications there were two different schools—a public school used mostly by the poor children, and a private school used by the richer children. Today, however, since the government has taken everybody's money away, there are only the public schools, which have become very old and very packed with children. Because of the low standards met by the schools, many families have kept their children at home where they are taught by a member of the family.

Luis explained that if a person is between the ages of about twelve to thirty-two, then he is

automatically placed in the militia. He also said that when a girl or boy is born they are not considered to be the parents' child—instead they belong to the government. Teresa added that sometimes they are taken away and never seen again, and if they are seen again by parents, they most likely represent opposite sides.

Teresa also added that when a couple decides to be married, the government assigns a special date for them, along with about twenty other couples. They are all married at the same place, and at the same time. This saves the family money, she pointed out, and if it saves the family money then the government can take more from them.

All present speculated that no one really knows whether Castro takes orders from anyone higher up than he is. Teresa explained that Castro was born in Cuba and that he came from a wealthy family. He was educated in a Catholic school and earned a degree in law school, later becoming a lawyer. He graduated from the University of Havana in 1948. Others added that it was rumored in Cuba that Castro had killed someone in the government of Colombia, South America in 1946. Ramon said that when Castro took over in Cuba he destroyed the four year term so that he could dictate as long as he pleased.

Ramon added that Cuba used to be a very admired country when compared to the rest of the nations. Before Communism began there was excellent architecture, actors, ballets, music and painting. (One of the world's most famous ballet dancers, Alicia Alonzo, was born and trained there.)

No one knows what lies in store for Cuba in the future, but I am sure peace and tranquillity will reign on the island again. Then maybe the children will grow up with more feelings and respect toward their own outlook on life.

Raquel Martinez

Mr. Moneybags

Push the button
Turn the dial
The fillets are done
The trash is mashed
Poverty who?

Stereo blaring
T.V. viewing
Garage door opening
Dishwasher stirring
Poverty, when?

Taxes due
Air-conditioner shot
Doctors, dentists, the
Police too.
Poverty,
coming soon.

Bill Bond



Places To Spend Leisure Time

In York as in any other town, people have common places to go (should I say its “hangout”) and gather with their friends to talk, drink a few beers or maybe something else. The big places in York are the pool halls or “Ray’s Grill” and sometimes “Nells”.

One place is the “Sports Center”. Well, you probably want to know what is there to do? Things most hip-type people like—for instance foosball is very popular; everybody plays. Then of course “billiards” or pool, whichever you prefer. Like most small towns we have a “pool shark” or “hustler” but no one is really the best. There is the regular old stuff you’d expect in a pool hall: pin ball and juke box, no beer.

Sexton’s is another place people gather to talk. Mostly people a little older than me. Everyone at the Sexton’s is either a “freak” or possibly “All-American”. This place is kind of like the Sports Center except at the Sexton’s there is bowling, flipper machine, race car machine, beer and “Huck-a-buck”. This place is mainly a teen-age and early-twenties joint.

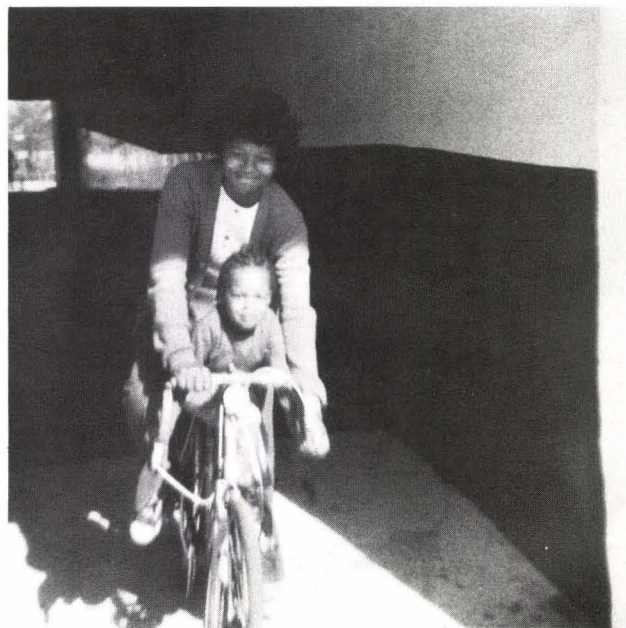
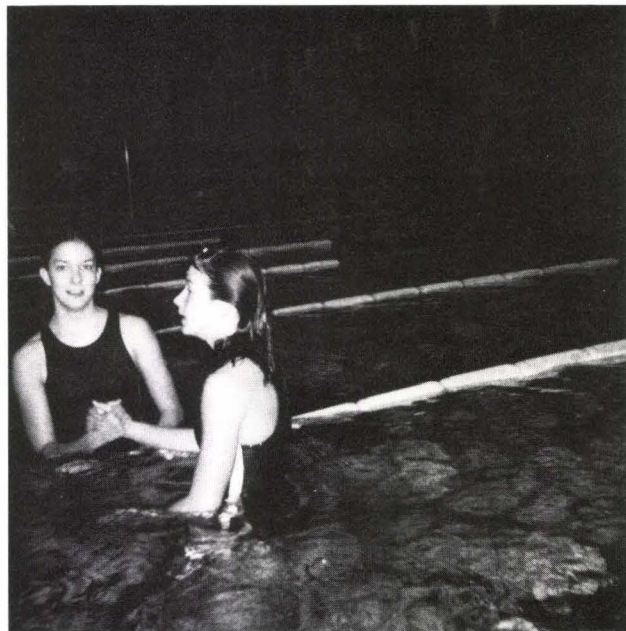
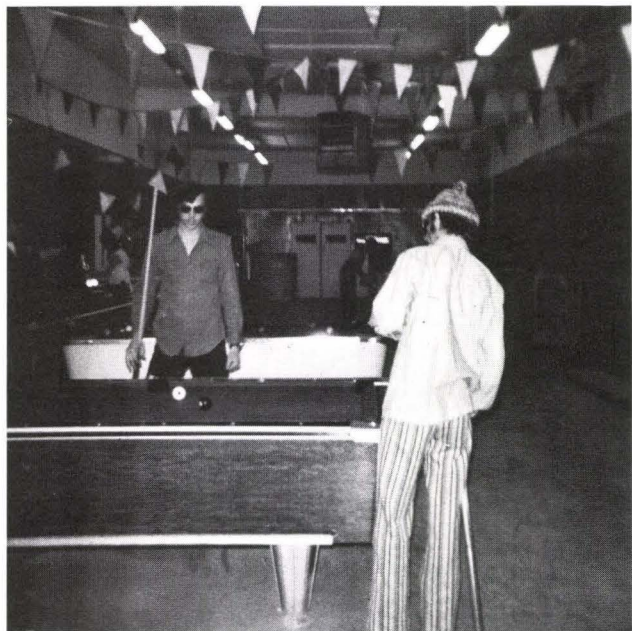
“Ray’s Grill” is mainly a mill workers hang-out and mill workers’ families; some freak type people occasionally. At Ray’s, there is pool, foosball, pinball, flipper machines and it is the only place that has beer on tap. A large pitcher and frosted mug for \$1.75. You can tell when the mill workers get paid. Every Thursday night about 8:00 a bunch of people come in, get their checks cashed and start buying pitchers of beer—really knocking off the beer. Sometimes these people have drunk as much as a half-of-a-keg by 10:30, which is about 15 or 20 gallons. Then watch for fights. Everybody’s neck turns red—that’s one reason “Ray’s” isn’t really a freak place.

“Nells” would just about wrap up the semi-freak hang out. This place has mostly race-car drivers and super-jocks but just a few freaks, especially, during “happy hour” when beer is 35¢ a can or bottle. For people who have the “munchies”, there are hamburgers, french fries, cheeseburgers, and other things decent to eat. “Nells”, I reckon, is a rather cool place.

There are also the “Red Carpet”, “The Tab”, “Maries” and the “Duck Inn”.

The “Carpet” is really a cool place. A place of black teenage culture is the “Tab” or Taylors Tavern. It is about like the “Carpet” except there are more fights out here and some killings. Well, that’s about all I know on “Leisure Time” hangouts. It might not be too great but, that is just a part of my culture.

Billy Brabham
Mike Mitchelson





About Kids

There are kids down
The street,
Others in another
Neighborhood;
A few old, some young,
Some not caring for
Either.
One of them is dead,
Another alive and well
Enjoying life.
The little kid next
Door was born just yesterday.
The one that lives
Behind us is almost grown.
There is one kid whose
Parents are divorced,
Another whose parents
Are dead—
But no matter whatever
They're kids, just
Kids that's all.

Mitch Hunter





Rainbow Of Death

Orange is for the sunset sad and blue.
Red is for blood, which is smeared on his shoes.
Silver is for the gunbarrel that lays across his chest.
Purple is for his mind which is now at rest.
Brown is for the backpack which is no more in use.

Kenneth McCall

The Lost-Child-Eating Bird

Deep in the endless forest
A cry for help is heard, but
When the hearer hears it,
He doesn't say a word. For the
One who is the hearer is the
Lost-child-eating-bird. He
Sits on the high mountain
Awaiting for his prey.

What happens after that
No one comes back to say.
He gets a lot of supper—
The large city's just a mile
Away!

Jimmy Good

On The Steps

On the steps in my front yard
I sit on the top when I want to think.
I look around and see
The beautiful flowers my mother has planted.

Across the yard I see a dog,
A dog with a beautiful white tail.
I see him playing in the yard
As if he were a baby.

Freda Pittman

Blue Ridge School In Peace

It just sits here
Waiting for the morning.
At night it sits still
While creatures creep around.
When morning comes it
Awakes, and the people laugh
And talk all day long.
When night falls it is still
And quiet as a mouse.

All through the night it says

Hours before I sleep

Hours before I sleep.

Sharon Jones

My Visions Of Colors

Purple reminds me of a purple M.G. hugging
The roads like a bear clinging to a tree.

Yellow are the flowers so crisp, that when the
wind

Blows they sort of sing.

Silver are my braces cemented tightly to
My teeth, telling me not to chew gum but who
Really cares—

Red is my Spaniel so full of joy
She howls in the darkness and sings in the morn.

Phil Plumblee

The End

The news brought red to my eyes.
Shock. Anger. Tears.
I blamed it on the city.
She had gone to the chrome-plated city
To be with the chrome-plated people
And met her end
In the chrome-plated car.

The news took me back
To the only other death I had known.
My childhood.
My grandfather
Amid the garden of daffodils
That he loved so well.

Their worlds—though so different—
Were seen through the eyes of brown.
The beauty. The hurt. The end.
And at the end
They were each laid to rest
In the brown dirt.

Susan Hammond

Colors

Red is the sky as I start my work
Between twilight and moonlight.
Red is the lights of the ambulance
As it roars into the night.
Red is the color of torn limbs and broken bodies,
Because of running a red stop sign.
Red are my eyes after another long night.

Silver is a mixed color.
We shoot it and spend it,
We lose it and win it.
It is the color of a surgeon's knife
Or a sniper's bullet.
Silver is also the color of the moon
On a field at night.

Brown and yellow are the jungles' depth,
Private hell in a desolate waste.
Silver are the bullets that riddle young bodies.
Red is the blood that flows from their veins.

Robert J. Pitman

Paradoxes

Red. The color of rules,
Harsh and impersonal—
A cold color.
Red. The color of life,
Vivid and aware—
A warm color.

Silver. The color of skyscrapers
And airplanes—
A man-made color.
Silver. The color of salmon
Flashing upstream—
A natural color.

Yellow. The color of warning signs
And caution lights—
A knowing color.
Yellow. The color of sunlight
And delicate flowers—
An innocent color.

Brown. The color of old text books
And aging people—
A dying color.
Brown. The color of tree trunks
And small animals—
A living color.

Carole Sloan

War

War is a terrible thing:
To cost many men their lives,
To make a man take a gun
And kill those he does not know
Is by far the greatest sin.

Billy Babb

Hungry Am I

I am the wild creature that walks these woods.
In these woods where the redman stood
I have had no smiles
Since I ate the lost child.
Hungry hungry hungry am I.

I have crossed the deepest oceans
And over the highest mountains,
But still
Hungry hungry hungry am I.

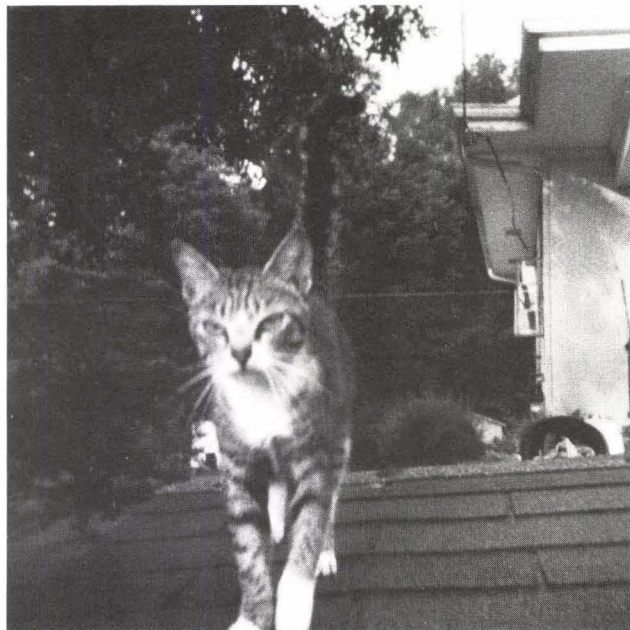
Now I'm back at my home in the
Bottomless lake,
It's bad to know I have failed in my
Feat,
To know I have had no lost child to eat.
And still
Hungry hungry hungry am I

Randy Kemp

Similar Feelings

No one understands a cat
And why he does such foolish things.
I understand.
He does them for attention.
He's unique.
I find myself wandering into
The mysterious world of a cat,
Having nine lives.
There have been times when I was
Mysterious to others.
There have been times when I
Ran away from the bark of another.
There have been times when I've
Hid from the truth and left myself
Alone,
Doing my own thing,
Playing with the beautiful butterfly
And wondering does he have
Similar feelings?
Does anyone feel like me?
Does anyone not get enough love?
Does anyone have similar feelings
Like me?
The cat?

LaVerne Foster



Goats Are Themselves

Wild or friendly,
Cute or ugly,
Free or fenced,
Big or small,
They are themselves,
They are fantastic.

Robin Fowler

With My Horns And Sturdy Feet

If I were a mountain goat I could kick a rock off
the highest cliff and watch it crash like thunder
to the below world. The blue sky would be no
stranger to me. I would fall prey to no human
with revenge in his mind. I could run on ridges
as far as the eye could see. With my horns and
sturdy feet I could protect my world from foe
and mankind.

Dale Epps

The Deer

Imagine being a deer.
Your run would be . . .
Swift, gallant, brisk.
Your coat would be . . .
Spotted, solid, a picture.
Your feet would be . . .
Soft, sharp, constantly moving.
Your life would be . . .
Short, long, endangered.
You yourself would be
Beautiful.

Wanda Winson

Eagle

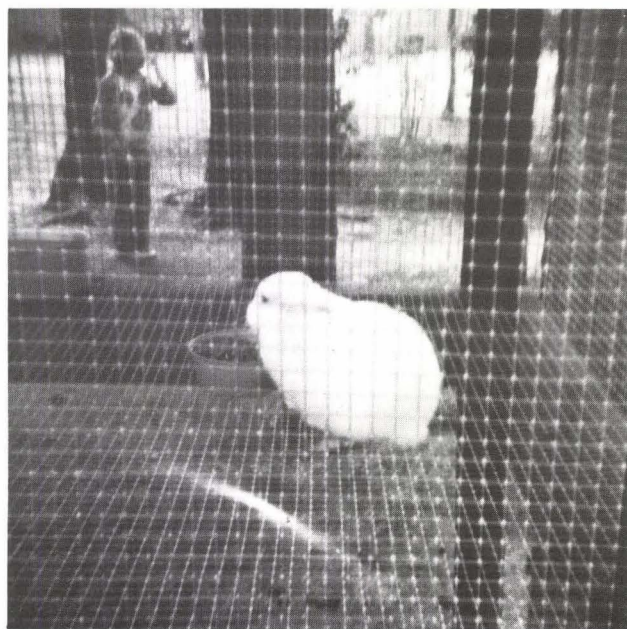
How I would like to be an Eagle
Soaring high above the mountains.
The sky's the limit, but be careful
Of the world below.
Having my home high on a mountain:
Caring for no one except for me;
But there is one thing in this carefree life—
This is the sound of a hunter's cry.
What a foolish creature,
Harming things such as me.

Gail Lindsey

My Mule

My mule with its brown coat loves the outdoors, with his long ears he stands
for hours in sunshine, rain, sleet, and snow. He stands there looking and
enjoying what God hath made. He works very hard but doesn't mind it, be-
cause he will always be rewarded at the end of day. When he is not working
he is doing something to pass the time of day. He runs and plays all day long.

Larry Lindsey





Acrophobia

As I sit here almost touching the sky, I look out over my yard while the hot summer sun takes effect on my tiny glands, creating beads of sweat.
My mother doesn't understand the summer blues, and the way they control my variety of moods. Nothing to do and nowhere to go, except in between these shady arms and green fingers.
My personality becomes stable, and my mood becomes free.
I have no fear of high places—that's the time my thoughts reach their *highest* degree.

Linda Wolpe

The Never-Subsiding Rain

Slowly it came down at first,
Appreciated by everyone for its value.
Swiftly it came down later on,
Not lasting very long.
Swiftly and slowly then it came,
But this time never subsiding.
It came in sheets all too thick
To see anything at all.
The drivers stopped along the streets
But it just kept coming—harder.
The rivers slowly began to rise
But it kept on coming for days.
Everywhere lakes began to form
Keeping people from driving on.
For days it lasted and then
For weeks, and people began to
Have trouble.

The poor drowned but the rich
Just frowned. The poor drowned
But the rich just frowned.

Erin McJunkin

The Storm

The wind blew, the lightning flashed,
And the thunder rolled as we all
Lay down to sleep that night.
The rain fell with its peaceful pitter-patter
And all was quiet.
Then, all of a sudden, the house was
Light with the light of lightning and
The thunder yelled in a deep voice
That made the windowpanes shake
And in the stillness of the house
I heard my sister begin to cry.
And as my mother cradled her in her
Arms the storm went on but yet
The soft, frightened cry stopped.
Once again all was quiet
Except for the pitter-patter of the
Rain falling.

Wanda Williams

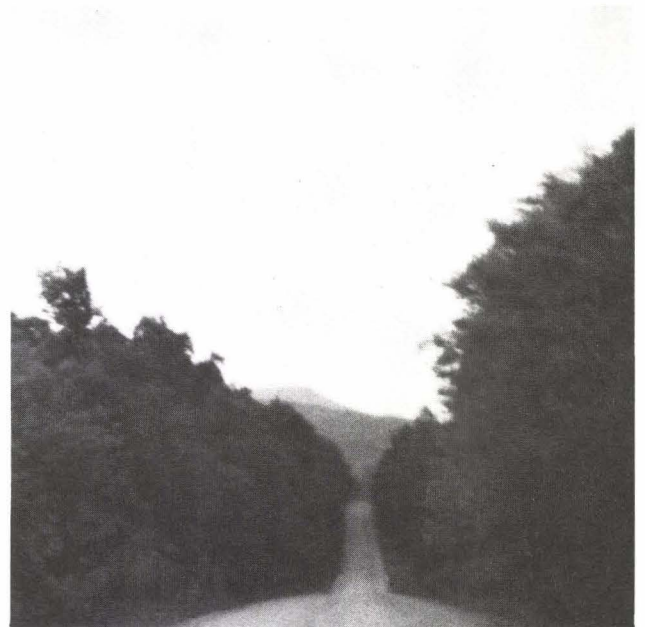
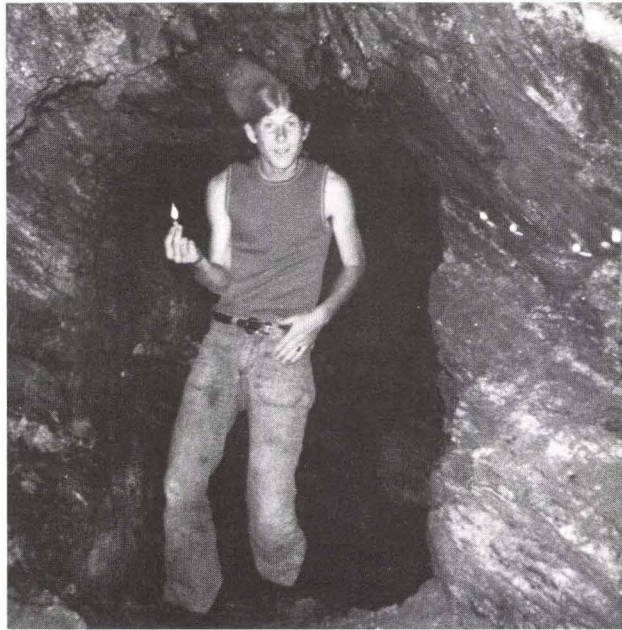
Privacy

The lost child is now on her own
For she's in the large city all alone.

She needed to get out, away from the crowd,
From all the noises, no matter how loud.

Up the high mountain she wearily climbs
To admire the trees, the oaks and pines
Of the endless forest that never unwinds.

Elaine Gosnell





The Dawning

When I wake early,
Go to the table feeling all evil
And mean not wishing to say a word,
Ready to bite off someone's head
Over a trivial subject;
But then I walk sleepily outside—
There it is:
It holds me breathless;
The beautiful yellow sky in all its glory.
Seeing something so beautiful,
It makes me ashamed
Of acting so mean.
Then, when the magical yellow dawn
Is gone,
The evil and mean
Are also gone.
With this I am ready for the day.

Chris Strange

My Favorite Tree

My favorite tree is a tall, fat tree with green leaves. It is in the front yard. When I am lonely I go up the tree to my favorite limb and just sit there and try to think. Sometimes when I have nothing to do I go up the tree so I can be alone. I like to sing some gospel songs and sometimes I take the tune to one song and sing different words. It might seem silly but it's fun to me. Sometimes I just sit there and watch the sky.

Lorrie McCoy

The Place

This place I know, which is below my home, it is covered with the green leaves of summer and with the colored leaves of fall. It is surrounded by rock, colored with gray and silver. This place is just a still pool of water, but I like it.

Randy Kemp

The Beauty Of Earth In Summer To Fall

It is the time
When the beauty of grapes grows.
It is the time
When the sun starts to shine.
It is the time
When the sparkles in the road begin to sparkle.
It is the time
When the flowers of red begin to bloom.
It is the time
When some folks go to heaven.
Soon it is the time
When the leaves have fallen and darken.
The Earth can always
Be beautiful if you make it.

Sharon Jones



A Special Place

The woods surround a place where I like to go.
It's a creek that runs into a lake.
I go there when I want to be alone.
It seems so lonely there in the middle of the
woods.

The sand that runs along with the creek gives
Me a place to sit, and the running water gives
Me something to listen to.
It is so quiet there.

In the spring time is the nicest time to go,
When everything is green and fresh.
The path I walk on to get to the creek seems
Like my own little road.
It is so quiet there.

Sherry Merritt

Mountain Splendor

The campfire is now blazing to an outstanding
height.
The cold night air is warmed and daylight seems
near.
The old twisted pine stunted and alone
Stands to greet the sun and wind, as it takes
On an Oriental air of exquisite beauty.
All the animals curious now gather on the
outskirts
Of our camp: the owls, squirrels, but
Especially the fox, his bright eyes glimmering
Like mirrors into the fire.
As morning comes the fog in the valley below
Seems as a never-ending ocean—and the
mountain,
As I see it now, stands noble and proud,
Awaiting other guests.

Michelle Brannon

Nature

Across the lake
I sat watching the sun overhead
Wondering about how things have turned out,
Some all wrong and others just perfect.
I needed the time to straighten out my life.
This bright sunny day I did just that.

Donna Babb

Summer In The Country: A Song

Can you see the mountains,
Can you feel the air?
Do you feel the sunlight
And the breeze flowing through your
hair?

Refrain: Yes! I love the summer,
Watching everyone
Sitting beside the water
Taking in the sun.

Feel the grass below your feet,
The water flowing free.
Can't you see the blooming
Of the flowers and the trees?

Refrain: Yes! I love the summer,
Watching everyone
Sitting beside the water
Taking in the sun,
Yes, taking in the sun.

Jimmy Rohrer



Colors Of The Countryside

Purple is a mountain
Standing over the valleys and plains,

Seeing brown as the color of a fertile
Soil
Yielding to plants and crops

And silver as a mountain rock
Glistening in the sun.

Red may be a tiny campfire,
A flicker of light glowing in the
Darkness of night

As orange is light
Like the sun, lighting the beautiful
Countryside.

Alvin Terry

These Changing Moods

Lifeless and withered,
No feeling at all,
These changing moods
Change colors, too.

Grasping and exuberant,
Furiously intense,
These changing moods
Change me, too.

Glistening and towering,
Spreading forever upward,
These changing moods—
Can they change you?

Dark and desolate
With feeling flooding back,
These changing moods—
Yes, alas, they change you, too.

Linda Hammond

Stand Together

The world is just a place for the devil.
If peace and love were here forever,
If brothers and sisters loved one another,
What a great world this would be for the others,
What a great world this would be for the others.

Blacks and whites should be together.
Color shouldn't be a thing that matters.
A person is a person to me. So, live in unity.
Oh, live in unity.

Let us stand. Let us stand.
Stand together. We need Jesus in this land.

Darla Davenport

Piece

Orange wasn't right now,
Then isn't now—only a piece to fit I think.
But red comes in spurts of violence and shame
Like a man's foolish play everytime.

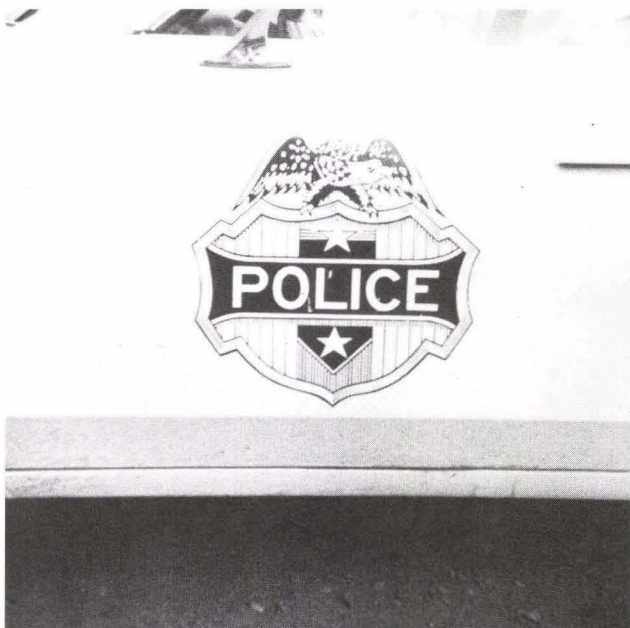
Silver is right, 'cause only it seems pure
—Like a shadow never swallowed
By those it touches.

Purple is no color to make a thing
But only a hue like a man—
Always there but
Absent.

Brown is like a child and family
To grow and go farther than we can see
When it's alone.
Don't touch it
You may lose it and
We don't know yet
How to make it live—
Wait till we learn to live,
Then
We may.

Suzannah K. McCuen





The Wild Creature In The Endless City

This is about a creature who stood 8 feet tall and whose name was Jack. He came into town one night meaner than ever. And he said **I'm gonna tare this town to pieces**—which never ended in the endless city.

Wayne Wofford

The Wild Creature

Up in the forbidden mountains
There is an endless city,
And in this city
There is a wild creature.
Some people say that he emerged
From the bottomless lake.
Others think that he was once a lost child
And a witch cast a spell on him,
But no one knows for sure.
He looks a little like a bear.
Some say he is a bear.
Others say they have seen his fiery eyes
And his long sharp claws.
But some think that it's just
Plain nonsense.

Bryan Center

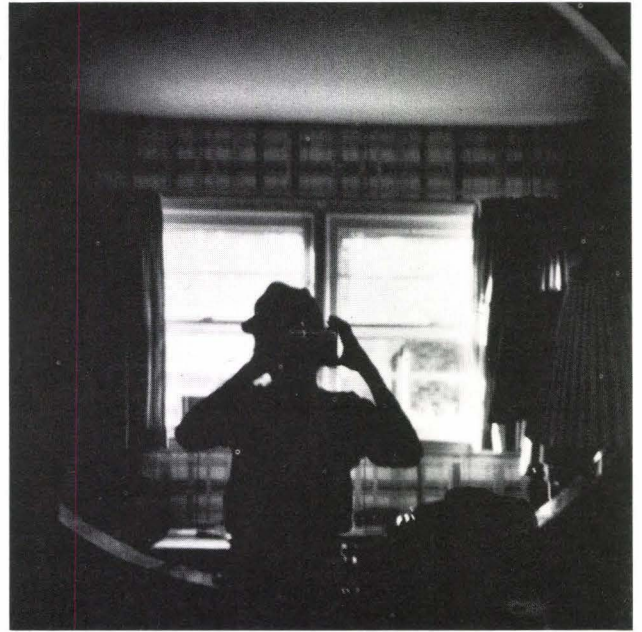
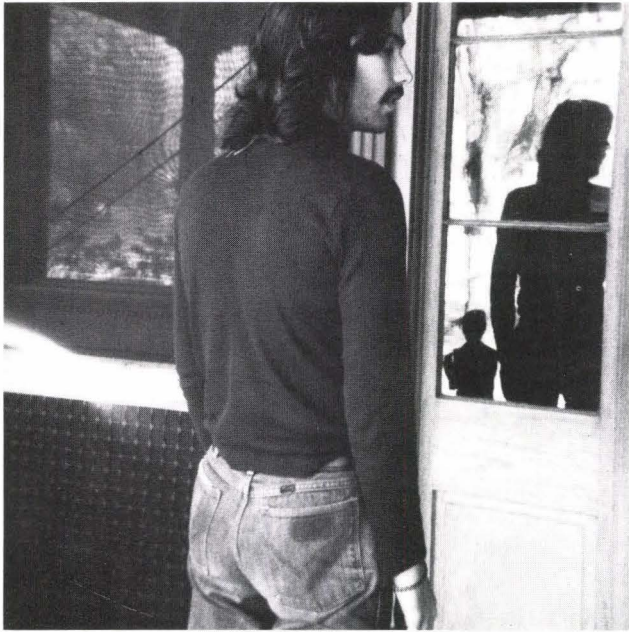
The Lost Child

One day I came in and started calling my little boy, but I got no answer. I looked and looked for him but I could not find him. Nowhere. I had the policemen looking for him; my neighbors. The policemen found some tracks of him through the woods. He was only three years old. Two days went by and I was going crazy, but we could not find him. We all went to Greenville, Spartanburg and everywhere. No one had seen him, anywhere. Two weeks went by, there was still no return of the child. One day we got a telephone call and this lady said they found him in the woods, dead. Someone had killed him.

Kim Wooten

Red. A siren
Screaming down the street.
Silver. The roar
Of a plane in the clouds.
Yellow. The song
Of a bird near my window.
Brown. The music
Of home.

Nancy Walker



Don't Follow Me

Don't follow that road!
It'll lead you wrong.
It leads to a river
Crooked as this song.
Don't follow that road
They'll charge a fee,
But most of all
Don't follow me!

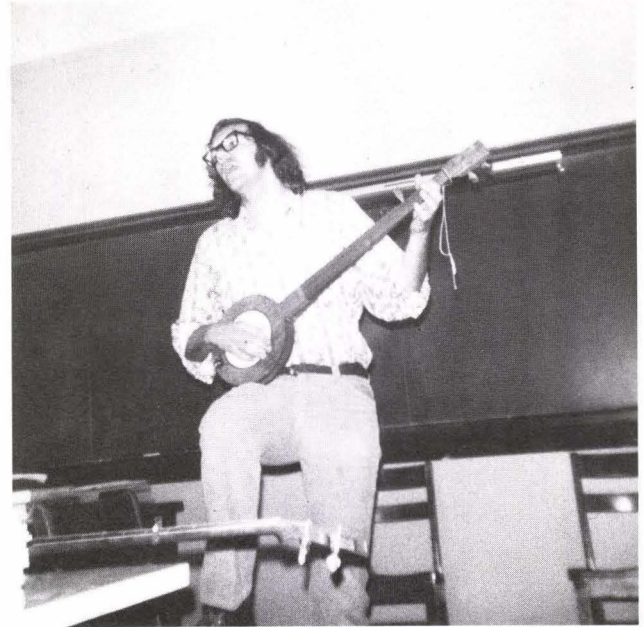
Don't follow me!
Don't follow me!
Follow your road, it's your affection
'Cause I'll lead you in the wrong direction!

The text-book says
Roads lead to Rome—
Don't follow those roads,
Rome ain't your home!
But as for me
I'll go my way,
And follow those roads
Till my dyin' day!

Don't follow me!
Don't follow me!
Follow your road, it's your affection
'Cause I'll lead you in the wrong direction!

Don't follow me!
Don't follow me!
Don't follow me!

Lynn McGarity



The Cold, Hungry People

They sit, huddled in shanty corners,
With frail limbs askew, or drawn to
Thin bodies for warmth.
Their dark eyes, sunken in their sockets,
Dart from side to side, watching
Rats scurry across damp floors.
The children cry, in vain.
Their cries are not heard by the
Lawyer, politician, or doctor
In the hills in their houses.
Then silence falls, and it is discovered
That one
Has made his journey into a world
Beyond our reach.
How many more will die, before
The children are heard?

Lynn McGarity

Music With A Message

You're sitting comfortably on a carpet-covered floor among at least 75 other people, most between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. Music is flowing through the air and through your ears. All the people seem to have a look of peace and joy on their faces. As you listen to the music, you hear that it's a gentle-type harmony expressing the feeling of something real and alive. You may hear folk, bluegrass, country, or maybe a little touch of rock, each blending into a song of rejoicing. After listening to the messages of the songs and seeing the faces of the people, after feeling an uncommon atmosphere of love and joy, you realize that this place is different. It's not just a coffee house—it's a Christian coffee house that's been set apart for the sole purpose of praising and glorifying Jesus Christ. This peace and love is real in the lives of the musicians, for they have accepted a gift from a man who gave His life out of His love for them nearly two thousand years ago. You can see it in their faces; you can hear it in their music. There's no doubt that it's real. The Salt Cellar, on Independence Boulevard, in Charlotte, is such a place. It is a "coffee house" open to everyone who wants to come in. Various groups from the Eastern United States come in every Friday and Saturday to sing and share with the people about the Lord of their lives. Many such "coffee houses" are opening, such as the "Water Fountain" in Lancaster, S. C.—all of them opening for the main purpose of delivering the message of Jesus Christ in songs that glorify His name.

This music is often entitled "folk gospel". Not all of the music could actually be listed under folk music, but all can be listed under gospel. The music is sometimes telling of the life of Jesus, sometimes of a life after accepting Jesus as Savior. The message is simple and put to

terms we can understand. Often the choruses are scriptures put to music. Some of the music will make you laugh, some will make you cry, but all of it will make you think.

Folk gospel has been around for many years. It is now becoming very popular to Christian young people and even to non-Christian young people who are seeking a new and better life. Acoustic folk guitars—6 strings and 12, banjos, tambourines, and often electric guitars and drums are the instruments used in playing folk gospel. At times there is only one guitar player who sings to his own music, sometimes there's two, three, or four in a group. Some groups get as large as 25 or 50 young people, such as a group in York County called the "One Way Singers" or a smaller group of young people from North Carolina, the "New Directions". The groups "Barry McGuire" and the "2nd Chapter of Acts", "Bridge", and "Seeds" are a few of the fantastic smaller groups consisting of around four to ten people. Not all of their music would be considered folk, some is rock—all of it glorifies Jesus. Erve Lewis is a great folk gospel singer who combines teaching with his songs.

In York County there are many individuals who play guitars and sing folk gospel. These people often belong to various prayer groups. When people from different Bible studies attend other Bible studies, they often share scripture songs and songs written by members of their prayer group. In this way, songs are passed from group to group and all are able to enjoy the music ministry of others.

Many area churches often invite these individuals or groups in to share in song during a youth revival service. Often these groups are asked to share at retreats, as at Bethelwoods—a group

Continued on Page 68

Music With A Message (Continued)

called "Emanuel" from Lancaster shared in a weekend of music and skits with young people in the York and Clover area. Everyone who attended this retreat felt it was the most meaningful and interesting retreat in a long time. The music was suited to their liking and it also delivered a meaningful message.

Many scriptures have been set to music by different people throughout the U. S. These scripture songs are sung in prayer groups, Bible studies and even churches. Two of the many scriptures set to music are as follows:

Psalms 47:1

Clap your hands all ye people, shout unto God
with a voice of triumph.

Clap your hands all ye people, shout unto God
with a voice of praise. Hosanna! Hosanna!

Shout unto God with a voice of triumph.

Praise Him! Praise Him!

Shout unto God with a voice of praise.

Matthew 6:33 and Matthew 7:7

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His
righteousness and all these things shall be
added unto you. Allelu! Alleluia!

Ask and it shall be given unto you

Seek and ye shall find

Knock and the door shall be opened unto you.

Folk gospel music is growing in popularity, as the interest in Christianity and Jesus grows among the youth of today. Many young people find that this music is not like regular folk music. It doesn't ask questions. Instead it has a unique way of answering the questions of youth today through the message of Jesus. It is not only pleasing music to the ears, but the message can open up a new life for those willing to listen and accept.

**Lennie Jarrett
Susan Jarrett**

They Cry

Refrain: See the lonely children, they cry,
they cry.
See their faces saddened, why die?
why die?
Give a dollar for them, for who?
for who?
See the lonely children, they cry,
they cry.

They left their homes in a war-torn gale
Moms and Dads all dead and pale
Holding hands they walk the streets
You can hear them now, little feet.

Repeat Refrain:

This season is so wet and sticky,
Food is scarce and folks are hunting.
Life so hard no time to play in,
The planes keep dropping all their bombs.

Repeat Refrain:

The house is falling,
They're wet and cold.
They want a home with a good warm stove,
They want a home.

Refrain: See the lonely children, they cry,
they cry.
See their faces saddened, why die?
why die?
Give a dollar for them, for who?
for who?
See the lonely children, they cry,
they cry.

Michel R. Brown

Shining Wars

(to be sung to the tune of "Country Roads")

Many years you have fought to win your freedom,
Our young guys have died once again in our hearts.
Lives shall be touched by your presence in them now,
And we shall always remember thee.

Shining wars, take me home
To the land I deserve.
It's just one man against another,
Do we live or do we die?

I hear your pain every morning on the radio
Calling out for help with your lives, don't you see,
You have suffered child, but now you are free,
I've come to take you with me.

Shining wars, take me home
To the land I deserve.
It's just one man against another,
Do we live or do we die?

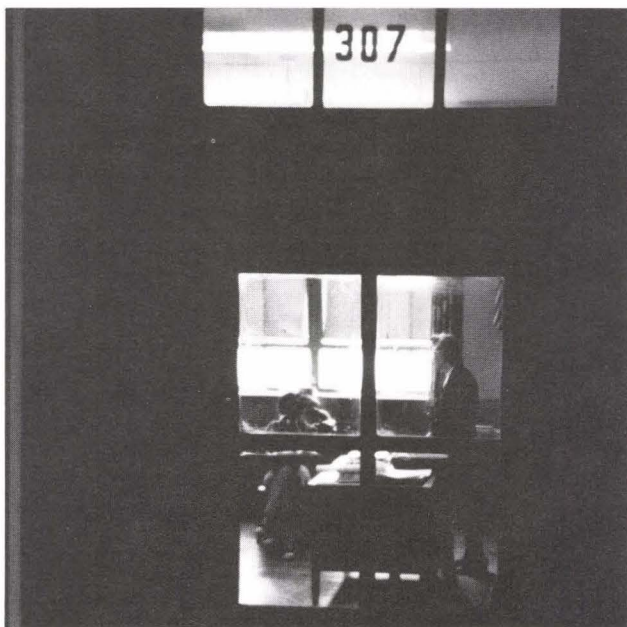
Christina Hembree

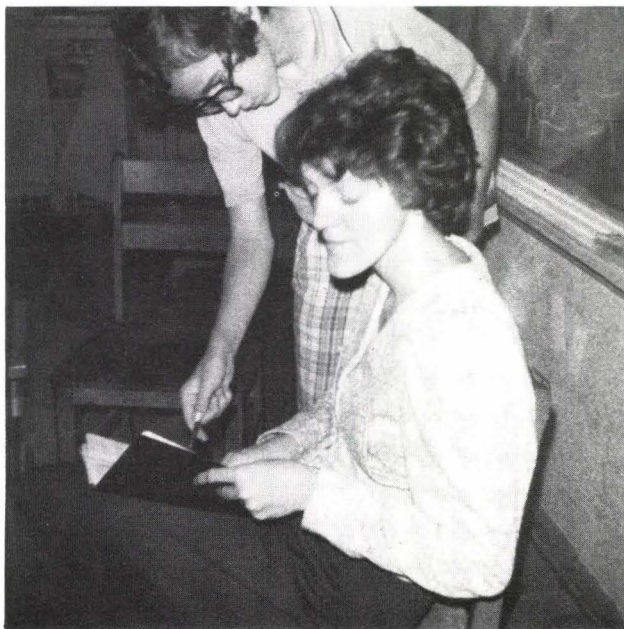
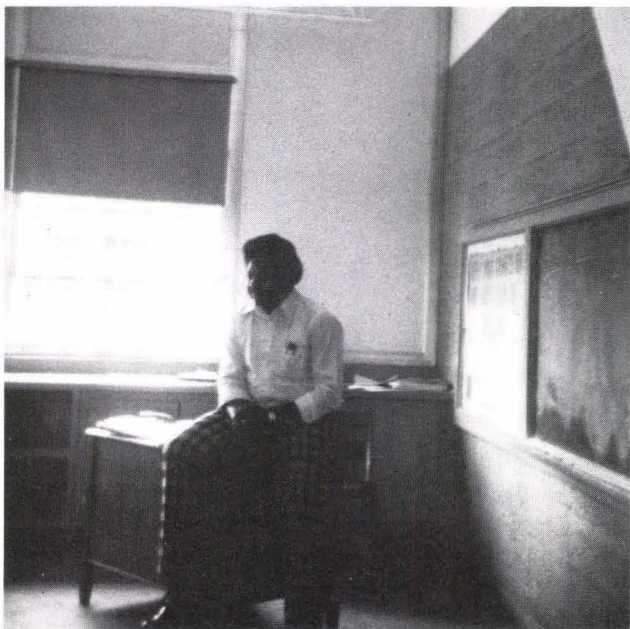
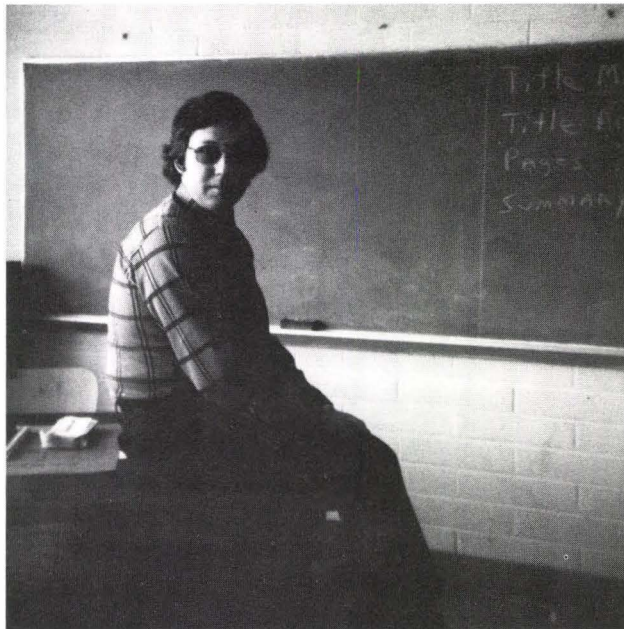
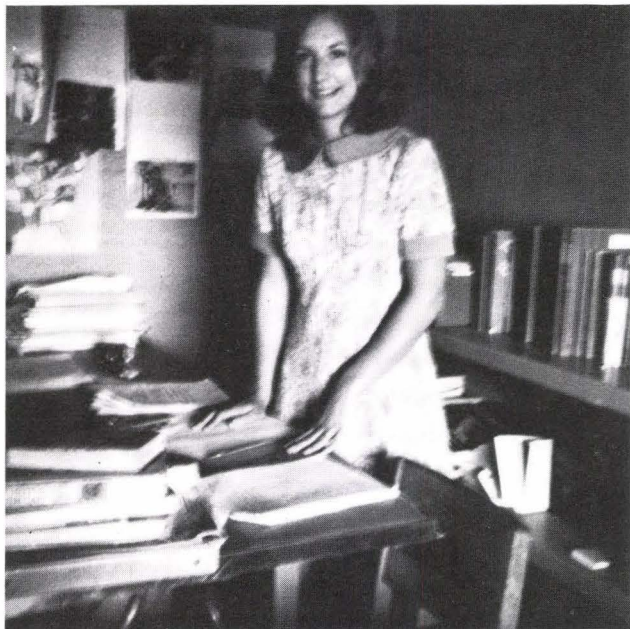
Gold

Gold means riches to you
and to me. But others who
are poverty stricken say
that gold is just a dream.

Donnie Hampton







The Factory

It's a weekday, and the factory is all hustle, bustle. People running here and there, going about their business with an air of sureness. They all know how to do their job and go to it confident that they're doing right.

The heavy machinery is in one huge room. The roar of the motors is deafening. Some machines are going around in circles. Some are separating the fibers of cotton while others are weaving those very same materials into materials.

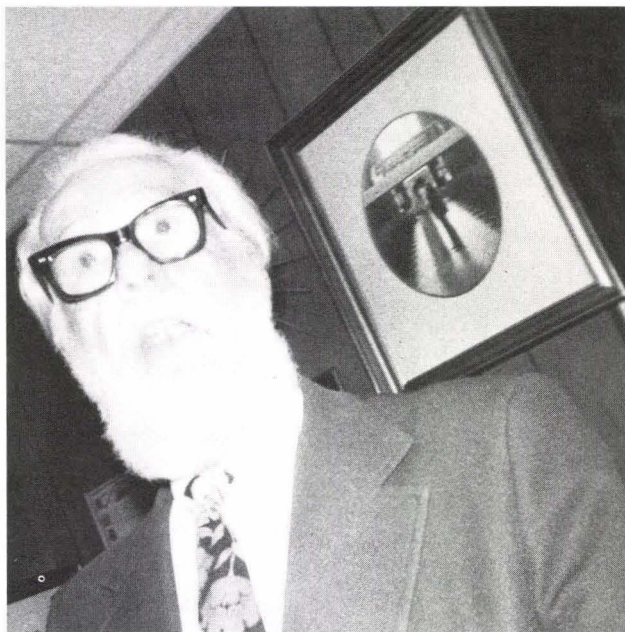
Foremen are walking around looking important and making sure everyone is doing his job. There is a man in one place telling a joke, then there is the sound of laughter, barely able to be heard over the roar of the machines.

Then a bell rings. Everyone stops what he's doing because it's time to go home. People are gathering their belongings and saying good-bye to all their friends, glad that one more work day is at end.

One by one, all of the machines are turned off. When the last motor is turned off, there seems to be a hush over the entire building. Each row of lights is clicked off. Now the building is quiet and dark. The sound of cars is heard as they all leave the parking lot.

The factory is silent; no more people to laugh and argue until morning comes again. There is only one small light left on: the light of the night watchman. While all the factory workers are home comfortably asleep in their beds, the watchman is sitting there alone, reading a book and protecting the factory from harm. The night watchman and the factory workers work in the same place; but a different place.

Pam Inabinet



Funeral Customs Of York

The funeral home in York is an old historic building. It is run and lived in by its owner, Mr. George Cody.

From our interview we found George Cody a warm, friendly, Christian man who has been in the funeral home business for thirty-three years. He seems very, very dedicated and says he enjoys his work. In his thirty-three years Mr. Cody said he has never turned down anyone. Mr. Cody gives personal loans to families who do not have ready cash and charges no interest on the reimbursement. Mr. Cody said: "A person should be buried by the style in which he lived." He claims: "If a person lived extravagantly, he should be buried likewise."

The customs of York are like in most other places of South Carolina and in a few other states. We found that when a person dies he is taken to the funeral home and prepared for burial. In olden days and in a few far-fetched cases today the body would lie in state at the person's home. Now most are left at the funeral home and the word "wake" has been replaced by the word "visitation". People visit the funeral home to pay respect from about 7:00 to 9:00 in the evening.

Grave-diggers make graveside preparations and the body is moved into the hearse and the family and friends of the family line up their cars in a procession which goes something like this: first you have your lead car or police car usually; then the minister or ministers' cars, then the pallbearers, then the hearse, then the immediate family, and, last, distant relatives and friends.

Funeral services are held at churches and at the gravesite. There have been many changes seen by George Cody since going into the funeral profession—many after World War I and II. Some of the changes are: more elaborate funerals, changes in design and color of caskets, and increase in prices.

The price range of a funeral from Cody would

run from most expensive at about \$2700 to least expensive at about \$200. Grave plots at memorial gravesites in York would range from \$150 to about \$500. Church members get gravesites free if the church owns a cemetery, while outsiders pay the church \$50 to \$100 for graves. The average of what a family pays for a funeral in York is about \$1250. Certain grants are given to families if the person was a veteran (then the V. A. pays \$400) while Social Security pays \$265.

Funeral prices are high but you must consider the cost of directing a funeral. The funeral cars alone include the hearse which is an \$18,000 car and the family car which cost \$10,000, plus a flower truck—and you have to hire a driver for each car.

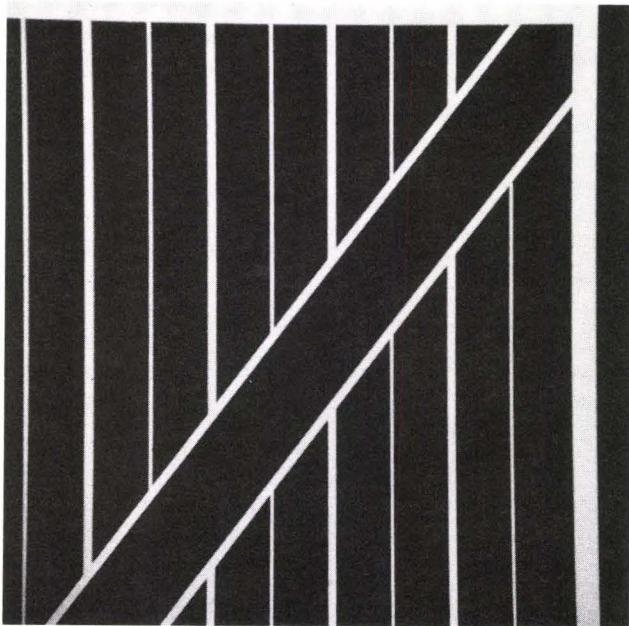
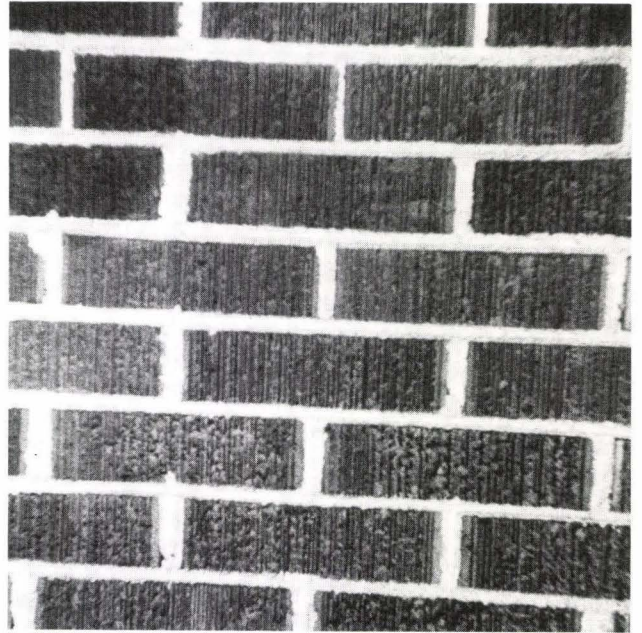
The prices of caskets start at \$495, which is pine that has a covering that looks like metal. It moves to a full couch which costs \$885, and then prices move from \$1095 to \$1395, and to the most expensive which costs \$2500. All of the caskets carried by Cody are guaranteed airtight and moisture-proof.

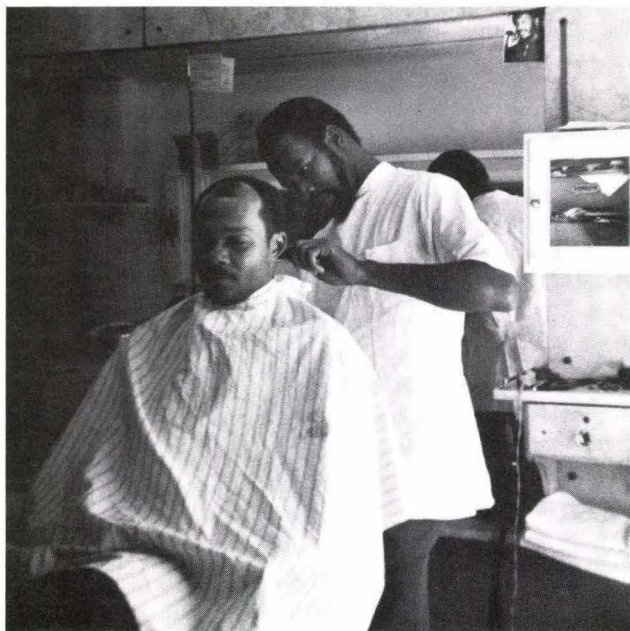
We found that before you could do embalming work you have to have a high school education. Then you must have a one year course in embalming; then you have to do a two year apprenticeship before you can begin to work on your own.

After embalming you have to go through certain details to obtain a natural look. The person should look alive and asleep when he or she is prepared for burial.

In York the funeral home is an accommodating place of business and the people who run it work under stress because you have to understand the personal loss and feelings of the family. During the time of a death in the family, the immediate family is under emotional stress. George Cody says in order to be successful in the profession of a funeral home operator you must understand the loss of the family.

**Randy Ashe
Bernard Sanders**





A Smashing Success

Once there was a ballerina who was outside because she tapped out the window. She thought she was a smashing success. She was naked because she wanted to look like the cover of Playboy magazine. She was about to die to go inside. When all of a sudden a policeman saw her and said come on I'm taking you to the slammer, you know it's forbidden to streak. The whole jail house stared when she got there and whistled.

Walt

The Nice Old Woman

To be alone with your grandmother is nice. My grandmother is old. And she tries to get around. She has a store in her back yard and she works in it. But some times she feels bad and some times she feels good. She is a nice lady and she doesn't cheat anybody because she is very nice.

Harriet Smyer

The Lady In Black

There was once a lady who was at a restaurant. She was 21; she was with her husband. She had on a black dress with silver sparkles. They were eating dinner then they started dancing and did not stop. They danced all night and they danced in the parade. They did not stop. They are in the war dancing. They are dancing the battle out—they are dancing up to the president. Now they still have not stopped dancing: they go back to war and dance. They get shot and killed and dance no more.

Kim Keels

The Lost Child

The lost child was wandering around in the woods. He was lost, and no one could find him. He was sitting under his favorite tree. He climbed up in the tree. He was thinking about writing a poem.

Dale Robertson

Life

Life is like a lost child not knowing which way to go. It's like a wild creature killing and destroying things he has not seen before. It's like an endless city with never ending troubles. It's like a bottomless lake with never ending bubbles.

Greg Brown

The Real Wild Creature

When I shyly walk into his chambers full of shiny tools, I am directed to a strange human-mold chair, crowded by grinding tools and fake chop-pers.

Mr. Evil is what I call him. He's wild with his tools, working on chip and decay, capturing his victims and making **them** pay the expenses. He butchers your mouth and pulls your fangs and doesn't give them back. He's a **real** creature.

Linda Wolfe

My Girlfriend

I think light red is a pretty color,
for my girlfriend's hair is this color;
Silver-like, the stars shine,
my girlfriend's eyes also shine;
Goldish-yellow, kittens can be,
my girlfriend is beautiful as can be;
Brown skin or white skin,
my girlfriend, she has soft skin.

Kim Wood

Her Eyes

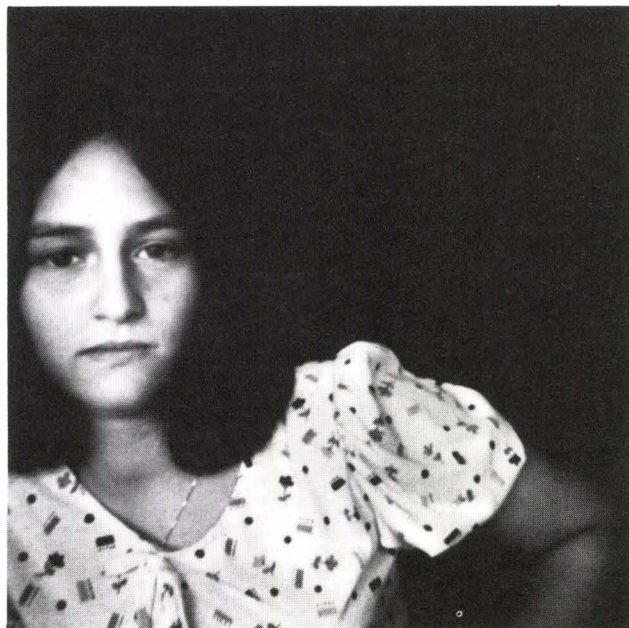
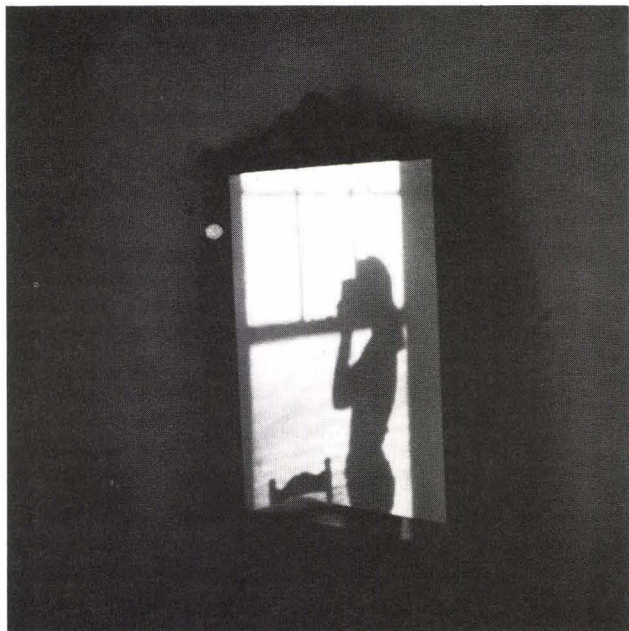
Blue is the color of her eyes.
As she walks down the hall her
Beautiful blue eyes remind me
Of sky, so bright and wide
As she smiles when she goes by.

Donnie Guthrie

All In A Color

Red, red, ruby red
Her lips are ruby red—
As cherries sparkle
And rubies glow
Her lips are ruby red.
Blue is her shirt
Which we all see
But don't speak loud
For then she'll see
That this poem's to her from me.
All the silver and gold
You could possess
Would not bring out her goodness—
She's worth much more
But only those can see
Who notice how she looks at me.
But brown of all means more
Than these
For Brown's her name
And beauty is her game
In her own special way.

John Wells



Red Gold Purple Brown Blue

Red . . .

A broken heart which constantly bleeds.

Red . . .

A sign of help to someone in need.

Red . . .

Means love.

Red . . .

Means war.

Red . . .

Means a pathway to danger.

Red . . .

Tears in our eyes.

Red . . .

Means old stars
Which fade before dying.

Gold is a meaningless thing.

Purple is something which draws
The love from our hearts and minds.
It draws the heat from the sun
And makes the earth healthy.
It draws the sadness from our
Faces and . . .
We smile.

Brown . . .

Our eyes, our hair,
Our faces, our minds.

Blue . . . is

Love and happiness,
Rain on a sunny day,
Going to a faraway place
And never coming back
Again.
Mother's new blue hat.
Daddy's new blue car.
My new blue day.

LaVerne Foster



Colored People

Red was my mama
 Blood in her heart
 Loving as a rose,
Silver is a miser
 As indestructible as granite
 Staying as cold as ice.
Yellow is a backstabber
 Sunshine in his smile
 Cutting you down like a knife.
Brown is a factory worker
 Stuck in a rut
 Hating his own darkness.

Wanda Turner

Emotions

Brown has a boring effect on life.
A browning man goes to the office each day
To be bored, annoyed, grind his life away.
Then at five, home, to his browning wife.

Steve Epps

The Colors Of Her Life

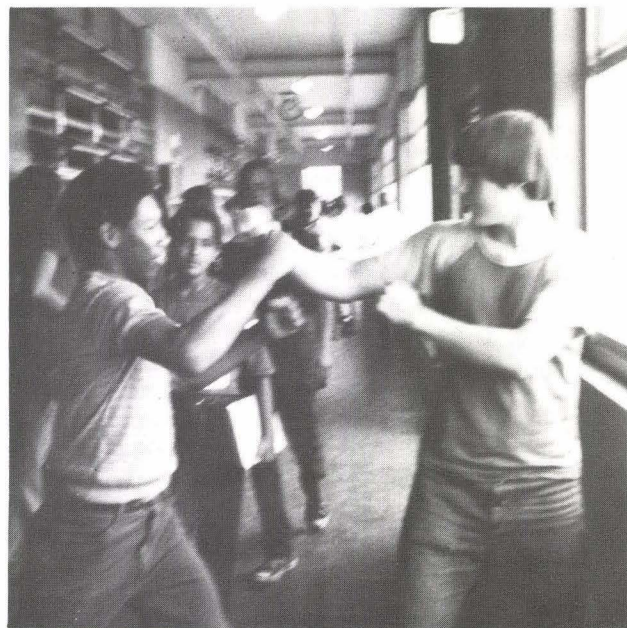
Roses are red
Stop signs are, too,
So are the drunken man's eyes.

Her wedding band is silver
Just like her hair—
She is the drunken man's wife.

Yellow is the color of her hopes
That someday things will be brighter,

Brown is the color of her constant mood,
Which is probably why
Her husband's eyes are red.

Karen Sloan





Lazy Love

Smokin' dope and feeling so blue,
How do you make it all come true?
Doesn't life make you disbelieve
Exactly what this world is supposed to be?

Oh no, Lazy Love.

Oh no, Lazy Love.

Haven't you had enough to do
Without puttin' your head in, too?
Sittin' back and feeling all right,
Now isn't that what this world's about?

Oh no, Lazy Love.

Oh no, Lazy Love.

Bill Bond

The Wind's Changes

The wind comes whistling out of the north
Lifting, scattering, littering.
Paper flies,
Trees sway,
Kites soar.
The wind comes biting with the cold
Biting, freezing, snapping.
Coats blow free,
Hats fly away,
Trees break.
The wind comes destroying with mighty power
Devastating, killing, smashing.
Trees uproot,
Homes topple,
Waters rise.
The wind leaves, leaving nothing as it was.

Larry Keese

Her Snow

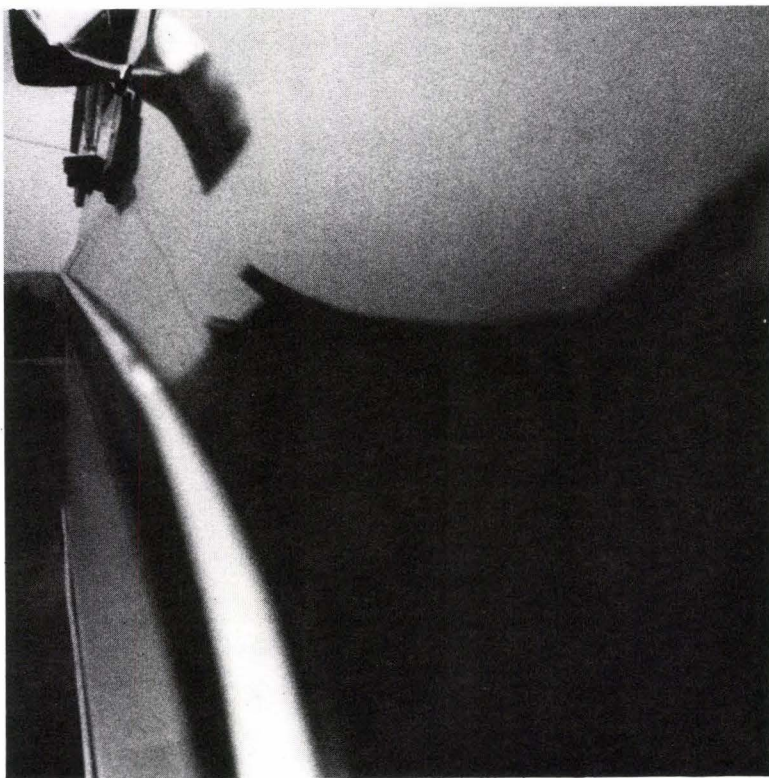
I've never seen snow there,
But I'm sure she has.
I imagine snow on sand and the ocean
Breakers melting it to the sea,
Or on all those boats,
The sea wall where we've sat so many times
together
Covered with white danger.
I've never seen snow there,
But then again, I've never been there
When it was very cold.
The sun has always been warm as I've known it;
The sea has always been warm when I've felt it.
But she has seen it always
In snow, or rain, or sun.
She has always known its beauty,
And that is why I love her.

David Hiott

The River

The river is a fair-weather friend.
She gives us food, recreation, transportation.
It would be hard to go on without her,
But when it rains, she turns against us.
A torrent, raging out of control,
All-powerful; but she could
Never defeat us.
The river is a fair-weather friend.

Greg Wylie



TOMORROW . . .

All The Innocent Children

The times are changing
from good to bad,
peoples lives are rearranging
though some times are sad.

So, come young children, gather round
today we will laugh and sing,
for who knows what
tomorrow may bring?

Children are so innocent
with their wide eyes and laughter,
they wonder where their parents went:
they do not know they were captured.

So, come young children, gather round
today we will laugh and sing,
for who knows what
tomorrow may bring?

Denise Westbury

A Vestige Of Faith

The American Negro does not truly hate the white man, not yet. For a long time, Negroes have tried to convince themselves that the white man's resistance to social change derives not from a sense of racial superiority but from a twisted nationalism. Some Negroes, at least, are still willing to believe that the white man behaves as he does because he is American.

For most of us, there is no value quite so exalted as that implicit in being "American". All other values are subsidiary: religion, political affiliation; even moral consciousness. To be an American means to be associated with a great civilization, a unique civilization. We may share certain values with the rest of the world—values of religion and art, for example—but only we are Americans. We are the founders, and developers-of, and heirs-to, the mightiest nation on earth, with a heritage unduplicated anywhere else in the world. But "Americans" also has intimation of color. Few of us have really lost the feeling that this is a "white man's country" and that all the other races enjoy it by the white man's sufferance.

We don't say this bluntly; it is considered in poor taste and, if quoted abroad, not in the national interest. But we act as if we were certain of its truth and validity.

Our textbooks, mass-media and community behavior confirm this white nationalism everywhere. A diminishing number of Negroes, therefore, believe that the Negro is rejected in America not primarily because of his race, but because he is not truly American. The Negro, they believe, is considered an alien, an outsider, for whom special adjustments must be made in law and custom. His color merely identifies him and serves to warn real Americans of his pres-



ence. The immediate result, of course, is that the Negro is barred from full participation in the values of citizenship. But the long-range prospect for a solution would be vastly different.

If discrimination is based on pure racial antagonism, the white man will have to change his prejudice, for the Negro cannot change his skin. But if discrimination is based on national sentiment, the white man need not revise his thinking so drastically.

He can still draw the comforting, sharp line between "American" and "not American". He need only realize that his Negro neighbors are on the American side of the line. From there it would be a short step to accepting the Negro as an equal.

Lee Douglas

Mama's Dream

You know, Mama's always had this dream since her first child was born, and now she has six, and she dreams the same dream.

She's always wanted us to be somebody; be somewhere in life. She's always wanted us to be something other than nothing. She's always wanted us to be able to live with the white man's ways and still have a mind of our own.

Yes, Mama's always dreamed, and I long to fulfill that dream.

Cheryl Gantt

The Forbidden Lake

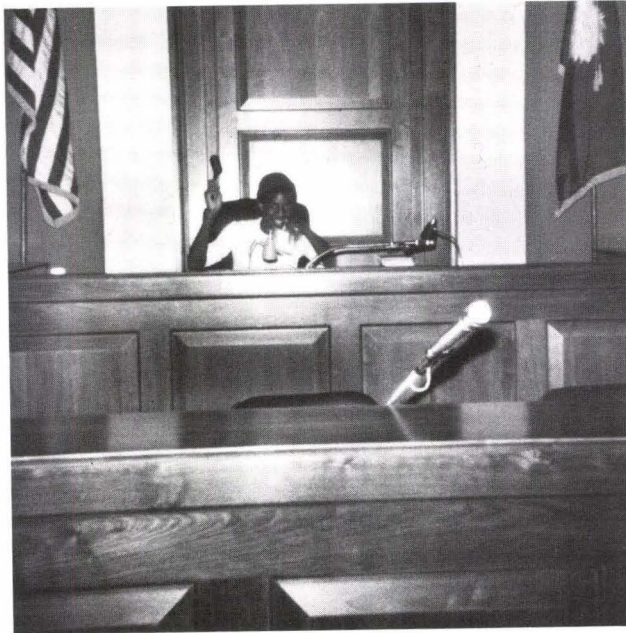
You cannot swim in this lake, drink from it, because it has been polluted by man. I think the oil refineries are the culprits.

Ron van den Meiracker

If I Were Mayor

If I were mayor there would be no school,
Everybody would have a swimming pool.
There would be no work but only play,
Then the people would rest all day.
Everybody would have equal rights,
There would be no war or fights.
You could stay up late and sleep all day,
Because in my town you can have it your way!

John Arledge



If I Were President

If I were President I would rule the nation,
Every town would be filled with love and motivation.
If I were President I would own every town,
I would build skyscrapers the whole year round.

I would go to every basketball game
And bronze my name in the hall of fame.
I would have a restaurant on every street
And have ten slaves to lift me off my feet.

Jerry Harris



Paths Untrodden

I've lived my life
Down the middle of the road
Never looking forward,
Never looking backward.
A puppet, like all the rest,
I've just noticed
The path's untrodden.
I'm going to spend my life
Discovering every unturned stone,
And myself.

Marguerite Carpenter

Misery Of Future Times

Sometimes I sit and wonder,
Thinking about the time to come,
Times when we must face the open doors to
reality

And walk the silent hall of future;
Visioning nightmares of horror and grief
That will change life's sacred pattern.

Anger and destruction corrupt the mind
That makes your body burn like the flames of hell;
Times when you feel like God is against you;
Times of desirable resistance from life.

The misery of future times takes his toll
And slowly moves away from your body.
And you come to realize that times of misery
Open the doors to the great hallway of happiness.

John Bowers

3075 A.D.

I've often wondered how it must have been,
To climb a tree, or see such a sight
As a landscape in summer, with all its
greenery,
And living animals roaming its scenery.

No fields to roam through, we roam
polished tunnels,
Breathing cycled air that is channeled through
funnels.

We see the extinct in wildlife museums,
And they tell us we're lucky
There's still some way to see them.

Tommie Storms

Glistening Starships On An Unknown Voyage

Spinning stainless globes
Racing toward the sun
Past the end of time—they see
Emerging from the void
The strange reality.

J. Wolfe

You And Me

Who can know,
Who can foresee,
What will become of
You and me?
The greens, the grays,
The cold dark days,
The blacks, the blues,
The things we lose,
The purest of white,
The things that are right,
The lives we live,
The lives we choose,
The belief in tomorrow . . .
How can we lose!?!?

J. McCrary

U.F.O.'s Alive And Well In York

I was able to get one interview of a person who has seen a U.F.O. Since he asked that his name not be used, I will use Mr. X as his name.

Mr. X is a middle-aged man with a good business in York. One night after work while driving home he noticed a group of lights in a patch of trees. He stopped his car to get a better look. "At first I thought it was a car that had run off of the road. But the closer I got I began to see that it wasn't. It was a cigar-shaped object about fifty feet long and about twenty feet wide. I got down behind some bushes to watch it for a while. I sat there for about ten minutes, and then I decided to go back to town and get the police.

I got back into my car and started down the road. It was then I noticed that the object was following my car. I always carry a loaded pistol in my car so I got it and stopped the car. I got out for a better look at it. I saw that it had come to a stop about one hundred feet down the road. I left the car running and walked toward the object for about fifty feet. I stood there for about fifteen minutes watching it.

Then the craft moved about twenty feet off the road over to a pasture. It descended to about ten feet off the ground. It was then I noticed three beams of light descend from the bottom of the craft down to the ground.

The craft seemed to stand or rest on these beams for about ten minutes. The craft then rose to an altitude of about three hundred feet, and sped off northwest at an unbelievable rate of speed.

At no time while the craft was in my sight did it make any noise."

During my interview with Mr. X, I got the feeling that this man had really seen what he described to me. I personally believe in U.F.O.'s and so does Mr. X.

Q. Do you think what you saw was an airplane or a helicopter?

A. "No! It made no noise, and it moved like no airplane or helicopter ever could."

Q. Do you think the craft was controlled by intelligent beings?

A. "Yes. Its movements seemed to be of a useful and painful purpose."

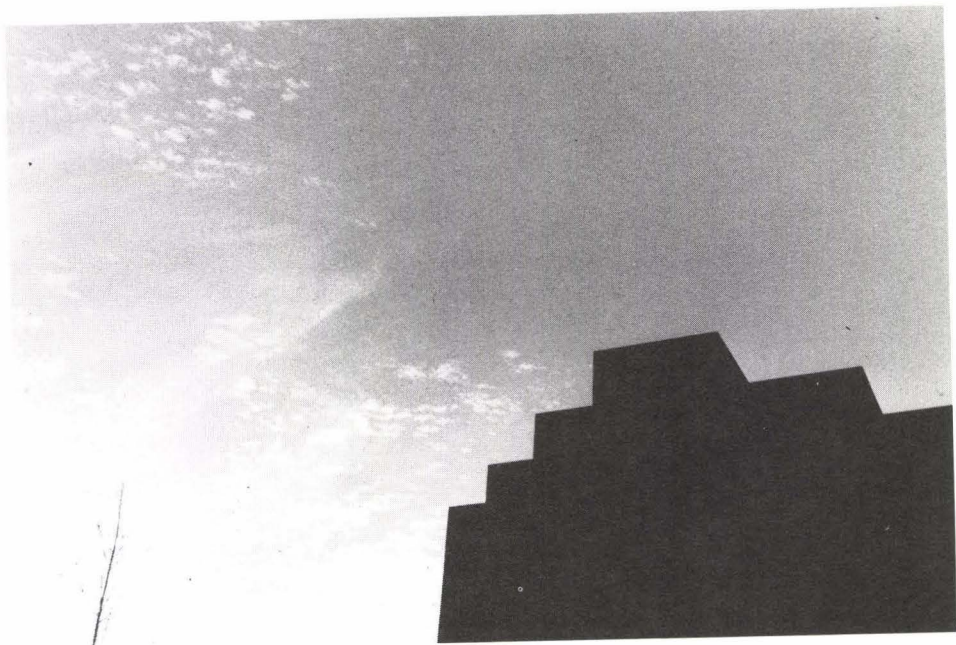
Q. Do you think these beings are here to help or to destroy?

A. "If these beings have the power to do what I saw them do, then they have the power to destroy the world and everything on it. But I think they are here to help, but they won't help until we are ready to be helped. Which won't be until we try to help ourselves."

Q. Do you ever want to see another U.F.O. and if you do would you try to contact them?

A. "The answer to your first question is yes, I do hope to see another one. And the answer to the other one is yes also, I would try to make contact with them."

**Larry McCarter
Fred Piercy**



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